MAY 19 — 25, 1979

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Eve's Weekly

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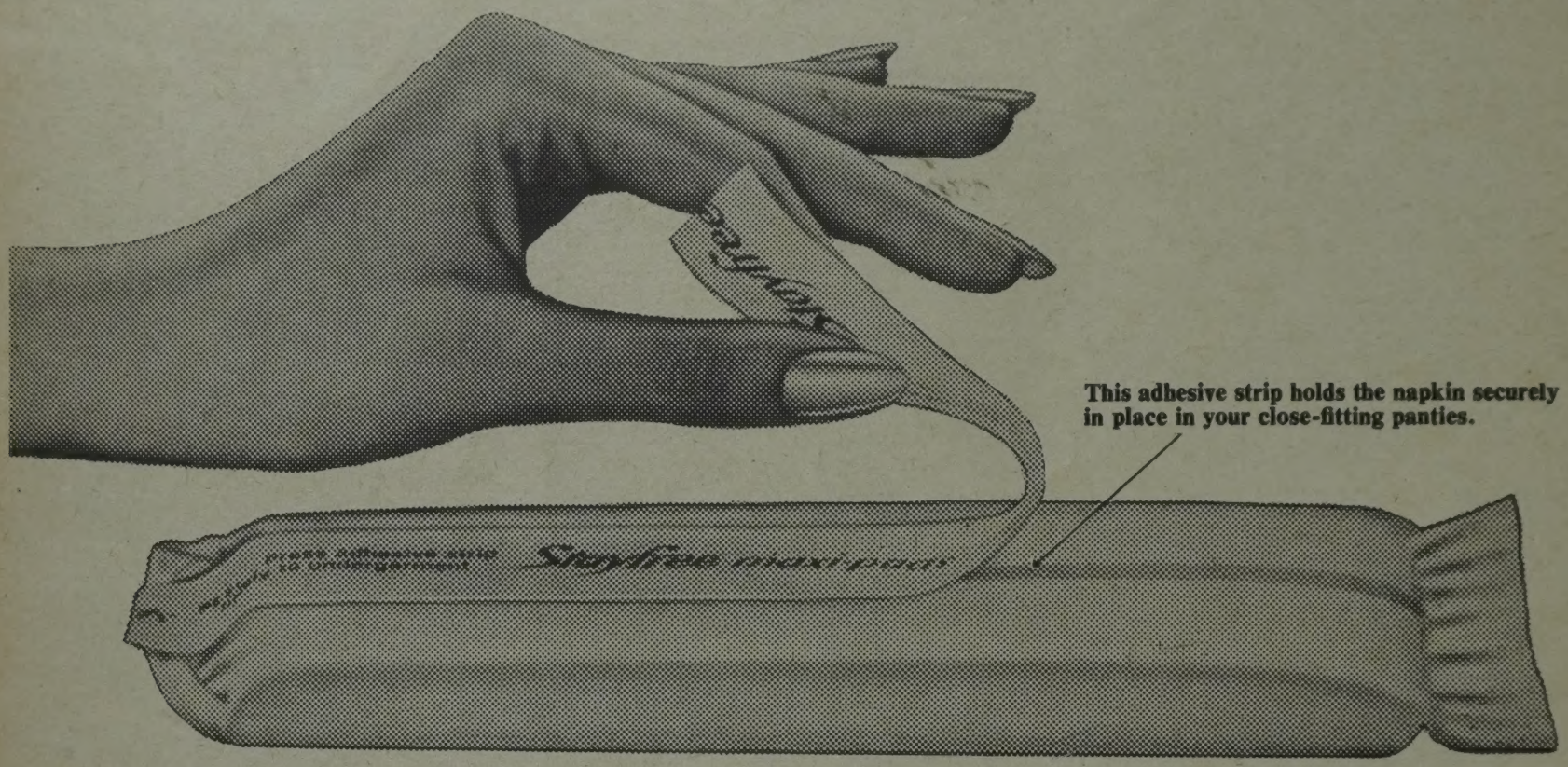

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SHANTHI KRISHNAN

Fourteen year old Shanthi is a student of the General Education Academy, Bombay. Aptitude for dance evident at two. At six, joined the renowned institution, Sri Rajarajeswari Bharatha Natyam Kala Mandir. Received scholarship for Bharatha Natyam from the Government of India, under the Cultural Talent Search Scheme. First student of the institution to win the prestigious award at such a young age. Also won the Inter-School Dancing Competition Trophy thrice in succession. Had her Arangetram in April 1974.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

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THIS WEEK

MAY 19 — 25, 1979

LEGALIZING PROSTITUTION

It is a fairly accepted fact that prostitutes are among the most exploited of women — perhaps the worst exploited. According to some people, if the power of 'straight' society to oppress prostitutes is to disappear, prostitution has to be legalized. However, others fear the repercussions and doubt the usefulness of such a move.

Page 8.

THE FORBIDDEN PILGRIMAGE

Only very old women and little girls are allowed to undertake the pilgrimage to the famous Sabarimala temple in Kerala. Why are women between the two extremes of age thus restricted? Is it not a violation of their right to worship? A cross-section of people speak.

Page 39.

FIGHTING FIT

The martial arts are ideal means of self defence for women, dependent as they are more on skill than brute strength.

Page 25.

CHILD SERVANTS

Children who should be in school and enjoying their childhood are forced instead to earn their living as domestics.

Page 48

ALSO

An Uncaring City : Standing by while a young girl is murdered in broad daylight — **Page 25** Step by Step Cookery : The easy way to Stuffed Braid Buns — **Page 15** Eve Today : Veena Slaich — **Page 29** Film Interview : Sharmila Tagore — **Page 43** The Image of Women in Advertising : Slow changes — **Page 45.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/7, Readers' Voice/**9**, Short Story/**19**, Young Viewpoint/**22**, Comics/**27**, Fashion/**30**, Beauty/**33**, Cookery/**35**, Hiya Honey/**51**, Answer to Quiz 23/**51**, Women in Sport/**52**, Frankly Speaking/**55**, People & Events/**56**, Horoscope/**58**.

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YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
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1st PRIZE

WORKING CHILDREN

We cannot come to a conclusion about ending child labour, because children in poor countries have to help the family economy. It would be unwise to try and protect them against labour exploitation, by abolishing their right to work. Today, if we prohibit child labour we would virtually not give them anything profitable because we do not have possible alternatives. In fact, it would amount to unbearable suffering, hardships and increase their misery. But when it comes to wages, children should get the same amount as men and women.

A child who contributes to his family's resources, is a child who belongs. 'Belonging' is one of childhood's most essential elements and it is often more important than play or happiness. Being useful to his family is a security that mere education and other benefits do no confer. Maybe this condition is a part of poverty. The process of removing poverty must be steady, wise and gradual so that the disparities between the rich and poor, the powerful and powerless, are reduced and work is not contigent merely on the necessity to work, but upon the desire to do so.

Nita Goyal, New Delhi.

You have a point — but it still goes against the grain. Children must learn and study and play and absorb. They must be fed and nurtured and taught and made happy. Yes, our country is too poor to let go of its youngest labour force, but we cannot sit back and accept the explanation you give.

2nd PRIZE

THE BHAGWAN CULT

We are witnessing today a strange spectacle of commercialized culture being propagated by the self-styled godmen who advocate 'lines of least resistance' to attain Supreme Bliss and thus capitalize on the ignorance and credulity of the gullible at home and abroad. These spiritual teachers often drown their meaning and objective in a verbal torrent and preach potentially dangerous doctrines. Confusion pays richer dividends than clarity, if one wants to live on religion. Or else how can one account for the serious erosion in ethical values despite a long chain of these saints (charlatans)?

Have we not reduced God and religion to mere fashion and a pleasurable pastime? Religion, expected to serve as a decisive and binding force, has unfortunately taken a divisive and dogmatic course. History bears testimony to the fact that there has been a mushroom growth of religions the world over characterized by exclusiveness, proselytization and bigotry. The flourishing tribe of neo-Bhagwans mav well plunge the entire mankind in the vortex of 'spiritual anarchy'. Another hypocrisy is to proudly talk of 'religious toleration'. But the word 'toleration' is obnoxious and objectionable. We tolerate something when it is decidedly bad according to our standpoint. Tolerating other religions implies that we are dismissing beforehand all those religions as unrighteous. but which we have the magnanimity to 'tolerate'.

Let us stem the rot and embrace humanity in its pristine purity. A change is necessary in our attitudes. Perhaps a tidal wave is the need of the hour.

Mrs. Manjulata Dikshit, Jabalpur

The very word "toleration" — especially when used in a religious context — smacks of superiority. We, as a nation, are over-fond of touting toleration when, in fact, we are bigoted, narrow-minded and unbending. The proliferation of godmen speaks volumes for our national character, doesn't it. . .

3rd PRIZE

TRAVEL WITHOUT TERROR

We have talked, and are still talking, of Women's Liberation; dedicated a whole year to this cause and yet we are standing just where we were. It is only spoken in words, read in newspapers and nothing else. Women face numerous problems; they voice their grievances, receive assurances, but there is total inaction to remedy the injustice.

Women who travel to office by local trains have lodged several complaints with the railway authorities about the nuisance of thugs and young boys who have made it a habit to travel by ladies' compartments. They keep on brushing against lady passengers, rattle the hangers, create noisy scenes, and if one dares to say a word, they start abusing and threatening. Most of the women remain silent for fear of being assaulted. These ruffians have bitter fights among themselves and, in the process, the persons standing nearby have to share their kicks and blows. The compartment thus often turns into a battlefield. As soon as the train starts moving, they kick the people walking on the platform. All pleas from lady-commuters have fallen on deaf ears. I wonder what the contingent of guards is doing — are they really delegated duties? Don't we have a right to travel without terror? Is this Women's Liberation?

L. Fernandes, Bombay.

A lot of men — and some women — indignantly demand to know why women should have 'exclusive' compartments in trains, when they are clamouring for equality. It is not hard to imagine how much worse would be the woman commuter's plight if she had to travel in men's compartments, period. It is the attitude of men — particularly the arrogant eve-teasing male — that necessitates reserved compartments for women; although even that does not seem the remedy.

DON'T DO THAT!

We are, it would appear, like the wind — that cannot read. We comes across signs — that pass over us like water on a duck's back. If it is written 'Please Be Silent', then we must talk in loud whispers! If we see a sign in a garden that says 'Please Don't Touch', our fingers just itch to do it. The 'Don't Smoke' signs have no takers. And nobody gives a damn for the railway slogan 'Less luggage, More comfort'.

Recently I attended a wedding, where the card had specifically stated: 'No Presents Please'. I thought this was one thing which everyone would read, and be happy to oblige. But, apparently, the people hadn't got the message, or they had turned a Nelson's eye even when the benefit would have been theirs — for they came bearing the presents, nonetheless.

I think the best way to make our people conform to anything, is to ask them to do what you don't want done. If you want them to toe the line, ask them to place their heels there!

Hyma Bal, Tellicherry.

We could be charitable and put it down to "childlike curiosity" when the Indian touches what he's not supposed to touch or is loud when he is expected to be silent. As for taking cash and gifts to a "no presents" wedding, it is sheer one-upmanship. He just can't bear the thought of someone else doing it first!

'Mummy,
I'm 3 months old
already!'

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

MATTER OF PRIORITIES

The article, "Sewage on Home Tap" (March 24) by Jyoti Punwani, was thought-provoking. The construction near Mahim river shows a total lack of foresight. The drive-in theatre, which boasts of being the biggest in Asia, is just a horde of mosquitoes. I feel we have more urgent things to attend to instead of wasting money on such prestige symbols. Let us get our priorities right. The fine levied on industries for polluting the environment also does not seem to be adequate. I sincerely hope something is done to improve all this.

SWATI PUROHIT,
Bombay

ALL YOU NEED IS PULL

In an otherwise well balanced article, "Cashing In On Banks" (March 24), some errors have crept in. For a promotion in a bank one need not pass the CAIIB examination. It is an added qualification and many a times preferred. What is needed is a minimum three years active service, promotion tests and interviews conducted by respective banks and of course the inevitable push and pull of god-fathers.

The article has failed to mention about the 'key loan cash credit' department, wherein bank staff have to visit party's godowns and storages frequently. Also, it is shocking that the article while highlighting the women's work in banks should have labelled men dishonest and insincere.

K. S. RAMAN,
New Delhi

TOUCHING

In the issue carrying essays written by children (March 14), I was really touched by Rahul's letter to his mother. I hope that wherever she is she reads his letter and comes to his rescue.

PADMA MAIRAI,
Nagpur

A REFRESHING CHANGE

The short story, 'The Eventful Summer' (March 24), was quite a refreshing change from the usual type of fiction found in most magazines. I am looking forward to more original and interesting articles and short stories in future issues of Eve's Weekly.

REMA RAVINDRAN, RAM,
Agunoam

UNFAIR TO THE YOUNG

The first instalment of "The Mother Person" (March 31) seems to be unfavourably pitched against the young ones. If the idea is to discourage new couples, it is an excellent one for family planning.

I am a mother of two naughty, mischievous children, aged five and one. Undeniably they can be pretty tiresome and a nuisance at times. That does not mean they are only that. I have not foregone any pleasure nor made any personal sacrifices because of them. Yet I have never left them with paid menials or neighbours.

In fact I enjoy their company when my husband is busy and every day opens new vistas as I see life through their inquisitive and excited eyes. I am busy every minute of the day and sometimes night but I simply cannot imagine a single day without them.

VEENA ADIGE,
Nagpur

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF MAY 26

SAVING THE COW

Vinobha Bhave's recent, short-lived fast against cow-slaughter in Bengal and Kerala has brought this controversial issue to front-page news and people's minds once again. While politicians speak of 'the sentiments of the people', we talk to a cross-section of people about the fast and the issue itself.

A CAREER IN AGRICULTURE

A significant number of women are taking to agriculture as a profession, backed by training at agricultural colleges in various parts of the country. A report from Bangalore's college of agriculture.

THE SLOW POISON

Pollution of all kinds — water, air, and noise — bombards the Bombay citizen every day and at all times. The situation is serious and calls for drastic curative action. Only, who will take the first step?

OH TO BE RICH!

All about the ten richest women in the world and their lifestyles.

SHOULD PROSTITUTION

Kumkum Chadha

As usual in all moral issues, the question of legalizing prostitution bristles with pros and cons, and valid arguments can be found to support both viewpoints. Here we give you a cross-section of opinions — both for and against

Kamla, a Harijan and a woman, has 20 years of experience behind her. And yet with each year her 'market value' deteriorates. Today at the age of 45, she is alone and forlorn — completely stripped off, of the one-time activity and hustle-bustle of customers. She had worked during the days and through the nights, trading her flesh in return for indignities, condemnation and money. She is a prostitute.

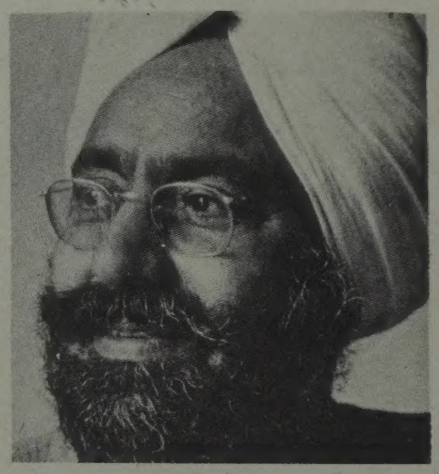
As a child, Kamla was married to a man from her own community. She cooked for him, looked after his needs and fulfilled the role of a dutiful wife. And one day he left her — for another woman. Helpless and heartbroken, Kamla turned to anyone who offered her sympathy. A village pundit, taking advantage of her susceptibility, coaxed her into leaving home. He then sold her to a brothel-keeper in Dehradun and disappeared with the money. Reconciled to her fate, Kamla changed several hands and finally reached a brothel on G. B. Road in New Delhi. There she worked for over seven years, till a rich cycle merchant took her as his mistress. She lived with him for 15 years and presumed that he would look after her in her old age. But some five years ago, Kamla was sent back to her village since she had grown too old to be kept. She was given her train fare back home and a promise that he would send her a pension every month. That never came and till today Kamla lives on the charity of an unwilling brother. She can neither supplement his income nor feed herself. Added to this is the drudgery of social unacceptance.

SAD FATE

Kamla's is one of the hundreds of cases which is based on the lines that something that will sell, when nothing else will, is your body. Many are enticed to it, others forced. Whatever the circumstances leading to the making of a prostitute, the fate of each is the same. From the vicinity of their homes they are suddenly thrown into a world of pimps, madames and johns. And there is no escape. Once there, always there, seems to be the accepted line of thought — with no one even attempting to rescue them. It is a point of no return. Behind the facade of easy and ample money lies the shuddering fact that one has ruthlessly been isolated from relationships, humanity and dignity — that one has been used as a commodity and struck off from the columns of respectability. What is left is the isolated, gloomy corner of the brothel and the hard reality that even that will have to be given up for new entrants.

It is a hidden world and yet exposed. It is there at every step, flourishing most where it is taboo finding its roots within the very soul of those who are the most vocal in condemning this 'ill'. 'Hypocrisy' is the word used by a social reformer when he describes our society in relation to prostitutes. That, one thinks, is a very mild word for the damage done by those who are responsible, not so much for turning helpless, lonely women into prostitutes, but for encouraging this evil and helping make the business flourish.

And the irony of the situation is that the helpless woman who has already been victimized **by** the male and **for** the male, is the one to be punished by law. Has one ever stopped to think why it is the woman and not the man who is punished? Does society have any right to punish a person who is earning her living, whatever the means? Shouldn't these women who are forced to trade their bodies be protected by the society and the law? Shouldn't prostitution be legalized?



Mr. Khushwant Singh, Editor of **New Delhi,** wholeheartedly advocates its legalization. "Prostitution should be legalized without any question. It is the only safety valve to keep rape, eve-teasing and crime under control. Prostitution is an urban phenomenon. All our cities have a vast, floating male population which is young. Their only access to sex is through prostitutes. So why prevent them? In any case you cannot stop them so why attempt to impose bans?"

In Mr. Khushwant Singh's opinion, "If prostitution is legalized then prostitutes will be sufficiently protected medically and socially. The element of force and exploitation will go. For example, there can be regular medical checks carried out to prevent the spread of venereal disease which can prove fatal. At present the life of a prostitute is very short. Few live beyond the age of 40 years. Many refrain from seeking medical aid for fear of being found out. Legalization would not only ensure protection from disease but also liberate the prostitutes from the clutches of the pimps who take away a major share of their earnings."

Mr. Khushwant Singh is one of those who believe that a woman has a right to do whatever she likes with her body. The society has no right to thrust its values or condemn anyone. "Why make such an issue of it? Let us treat it like any other profession leaving the options open to those who want to adopt it. And legalization will not encourage prostitution. That exists and will continue to do so whether it has a legal status or not. By legalizing it, one will only ensure that the rights of the prostitutes are protected."

Mr. Khushwant Singh finds a very thin line dividing prostitution and respectability. "A woman in a better class gives her favours and accepts presents in return. This business of call-girls, mistresses and even adultery are variations of the same activity. How do you justify that? Then let's go a step further. Half the marriages in India are on terms and conditions. In arranged marriages one bargains for conditions like money, security, social status, etc. How is it that all pretty girls marry rich people? The answer is simple: they have a higher price and a better bargaining position. So when everyone else bargains why single out prostitutes or condemn prostitution? A woman has a right to her own body and whether she sells it or not is her business."

PENALTIES

The Suppression of Immoral Traffic in Women and Girls Act, deals with prohibition only in some of its aspects. It applies if a person exploits women and girls and makes them lead a life of vice, if a person promotes prostitution by another person and derives a monetary benefit therefrom and if a person solicits customers for prostitution in specific circumstances. The Act thus seeks to inhibit the commercialized vice, i.e., the traffic in women and girls for the purposes of prostitution as an organized means of living. It does not render prostitution **per se** a criminal offence. The Act imposes penalties for keeping a brothel, living on the earnings of prostitution, as also procuring, inducing or taking women or girls in premises where prostitu-

BE LEGALIZED ?

tion is carried on or detaining them in such premises. In addition, there is a penalty for seducing or soliciting for the purpose of prostitution, or seduction of a woman or a girl in custody. The government, however, does not propose to legalize prostitution, though a large number of people would prefer to see it legalized.

Miss Renuka Devi Barkataki, Union Minister of State for Education and Social Welfare, would strive to see that prostitution is not legalized: "I will see that the government sticks to its stand and does not legalize prostitution. The very existence of prostitution is an unhealthy thing and is bad for the society and we are trying to control it. An attempt to legalize it would mean that we are giving a free licence to people to indulge in it. I concede that the problem is very grave and its roots lie in the poor economic conditions. The moment you can rehabilitate these girls, the problem will be solved to a very large extent. But top priority has to be given to the economic programme."

Miss Barkataki, however, does not treat prostitution as a crime. "It is an economic problem. One often hears that many indulge in it for pleasure, but until now I have not come across any such cases. Nearly all of them, as far as I know, took to it out of poverty and necessity. I really pity those girls and I admit that they need protection. But legalization is not the answer. Once it is legalized then you cannot even punish those who encourage prostitution and as such you are paving the way for a sick society. One has to safeguard against those who are encouraging prostitution and allowing it to flourish."

Since the only way out seems to be the solution of the economic problem, Miss Barkataki outlined the necessity of adequate rehabilitation programmes which would help reduce the evil. Employment opportunities for these women will also go a long way to ensure that they do not fall a prey to temptation and exploitation. All this but not legalization, asserts Mrs. Barkataki.

Mr. N. K. Shingal, Additional Commissioner of Delhi Police, supports the above stand: "I don't think prostitution should be legalized. It leads to human misery in a way and a visit to these areas will reveal the manner in which these women are exploited. Legalization would mean institutionalization of prostitution and I don't see much advantage in that, either to the society or to law. Even at present, according to the law, what is banned is keeping a brothel or soliciting. Sexual intercourse between two **consenting** adults is not banned. This in itself leaves a lot of loopholes. As such, one cannot stop individual prostitution because the woman who is selling her body is doing it voluntarily and the law cannot do anything about that. In fact, you cannot even prove that she has taken money or traded her body. There is need for tightening the law so as to discourage prostitution. For instance, under the present law the court insists on some local women witnesses to attest that the accused is a prostitute. Now it really is a hard task to get witnesses. So in any case, under the present law, one cannot just take action against a prostitute. It is only the running of a brothel that is banned."

Mr. Shingal is averse to any suggestion of legalization: "The question is what good would legalization do. As far as moral education is concerned, it can be done without legalization. Once you legalize prostitution you are encouraging people to indulge in it."

One tried to draw Mr. Shingal's attention to the psychological factor that if prostitution is not suppressed and people have a free access to it probably it would die a natural death since it is freely available. He disagreed: "I find no logic in this. As regards the question of medical aid etc., which would come with legalization, I think even that is far-fetched. Legalization would require a large control set-up. Certain areas will have to be earmarked, licences will have to be granted and the medical check-up will also require an elaborate machinery. So even after legalization, the medical check-ups will remain a farce."

Legalization, Mr. Shinghal said, "would amount to legalization of human misery. The whole concept of women being expoited in this way is pathetic and I cannot concede to legalization of anything which is pathetic. It is basically a question of improving our social thinking and providing more institutions for the rehabilitation of these women."

Mrs. Shyamala Pappu, eminent lawyer and an advocate for the cause of women, drew up a "case" in favour of the legalization of prostitution. "The mere fact that it goes on in a clandestine manner means that it is a need of the society, so we might as well legalize it. It is a human need which has to assert itself, so why make an issue of it? A suppressed society is an evil in itself and a society which is full of taboos can hardly be called a healthy society. All don'ts should be self-imposed even as far as prostitution is concerned. Legalization would have its good points. For one, we would know exactly where prostitution exists. There can be areas specified and if these pockets are allowed to exist there then it would not spread to almost every corner of the city.

A FACT OF LIFE

"Prostitution is a fact of life. I strongly advocate the status of a profession for prostitution. It should be treated like a profession and if one cannot give it respectability, one has to give due recognition to its existence. One has to be a realist. Our social standards and thinking have to improve. What the hell does it matter what a woman does with her body? If going to a liquor bar is not evil then prostitution is also not evil."

With the taboos or the stigma attached to prostitution, it was interesting to note that a large number of people supported legalization of prostitution. Many claimed that they would prefer to see the women liberated from a life of shame. Legalization would only grant the status of a profession to what has been condemned as an 'evil' so far. Yet even while advocating prostitution and its legalization, not one denied that there was need to work towards doing away with prostitution in the long run. The main line of thought, it seemed, was that legalization would only help see it die a natural death, while suppressing it would only lead to its spread.

SHOULD PROSTITUTION BE LEGALIZED?

Mrs. O. P. Malhotra, wife of the Chief of the Army Staff, also favours legalization. "It is not a criminal activity, so one cannot punish the prostitutes. In fact, they should be treated sympathetically if one wants to reform them. Once you know who the prostitutes are they can be given lessons in mental health and steps can be taken to rehabilitate them. There can be sex education. All these will help reduce prostitution."

Mrs. Malhotra would like to see prostitution being given the status of a profession: "There is nothing wrong in it. In fact, their incomes should be taxed. Once they are treated like any other earning member of the society then there would be more social acceptibility."

Mrs. Kiran Bedi, Assistant Commissioner of Delhi Police, preferred to let the issue remain untouched. "Why talk about legalizing it or banning it? At the moment there is no law to deal with trading in one's body. There is a law against brothels etc., but not against call-girls or singing or dancing. And it is under this cover that prostitution goes on. And once you legalize it, it will not only mean encouraging prostitution but also hit our moral values. While all efforts are being made to curb the evil, legalization would only encourage it to become a regular profession. I feel that no sane government would even think of legalizing prostitution. It is certainly condemnable, and no society where it is practised can grow positively. We should work towards its decrease and identify the causes and its reasons. Our concern should be more with those who are compelled into taking to this profession rather than those who take to it for pleasure. Legalization would mean encouraging both these types. The law cannot do much, and we in the police need public support to identify the problem and help us solve it. Social organizations would play a vital role in picking out these people from that rut and helping them live a normal life. Their belief has to be restored that they can make use of their hands and earn a decent living."

Mrs. Bedi felt that the solution to this ill had to be long term: "We would need to educate them, train them and provide them adequate employment so that it is not the economic necessity which compels them to stick to their profession. All this can be achieved without legalizing prostitution."

And while the pros and cons of legalization are being discussed, one is reminded of a mother of eight children, who made one of her daughters a prostitute. When asked, she broke down: "I have eight daughters to support. I am a widow, I can sacrifice one of my daughters to save the other seven. If I try and save all of them, maybe later each may be forced to take to prostitution. And when it is a choice between starvation and prostitution, there will not be much that I could do. . ."

THE HIDDEN MEANING BEHIND PROSTITUTION

"PROSTITUTION IS ACCEPTED BY EVERYONE. . . ARREST AND PROSECUTION ARE MERELY GESTURES TO KEEP UP THE FACADE OF PUBLIC MORALITY"

"As a prostitute you're alienated, isolated even, not only from yourself but from the rest of society because you can't talk to people about it. And when I was doing it, I only had friends that I could tell about it, people in the life. For the power of straight society to oppress prostitutes — for that to — disappear — prostitution has to be legalised. Right now you can't even tell people because of the law. And cops are very scary, very hard to spot. Ugliest bastards in the world. . . They are frightening because they can pick you up. If you were able to tell people, that that's what you do, if it weren't assumed that that's what you are always going to do, you would be able to leave it and do something else. Imprisoned in it — you shouldn't be imprisoned in it all the rest of your life. Having done it now prevents you from doing anything else in the future. You're vulnerable if you quit — I am myself — in regard to my fellowship. Yet you ought be able to go straight whenever you want to."

(I, a prostitute quoted in Kate Millet's **The Prostitution Papers**.)

* * *

"It is an irony that our legal ethic prosecutes those who are forced (economically or psychologically) to offer themselves for sale as objects, but condones the act of buying persons as objects. Yet the system of exploited labour called voluntary servitude, practised under the indentured-servant code of colonial America and clearly analogous to prostitution, would never be permitted today and was outlawed even before the abolition of Negro slavery. Rather than state regulation or repression of prostitution, the cause of justice would appear to lie in another direction: namely, in removing prostitution from the criminal code altogether. Decriminalisation would in no way increase the incidence or availability of female prostitution, but it would frustrate the exploitation of prostitutes by the two classes of men who are their chief predators: pimps and police. The latter function in the same manner as pimps, since the fat earnings of members of the vice squad are acquired through methods of coercive protection. One defines a pimp as a male who lives on the earnings of a prostitute. Since the prostitute is a lucrative source of police graft, forced to endure either extortion or arrest, government has a vested interest in prostitution's illegality, rivalled only by those states that in 'regulating (e.g. institutionalizing) prostitution, make it a state monopoly. Oddly enough, the other chief opponent of the decriminalization of prostitution is not organised religion, but powerful hotel interests, who see the prostitute's patronage as insufficiently lucrative to outweigh her possible threat to the public image of the more expensive hotels affluent enough to dispense with her custom." (Kate

Millet in **The Prostitution Papers.**)

* * *

"It seems to me that prostitution is somehow paradigmatic, somehow the very core of the female's social condition. It not only declares her subjection right in the open, with the cash nexus between the sexes announced in currency, rather than through the subtlety of a marriage contact (which still recognizes the principles of sex in return for commodities and historically has insisted upon it), but the very act of prostitution is itself a declaration of our value, our reification. It is not sex the prostitute is really made to sell: it is degradation. And the buyer, the john, is not buying sexuality, but power, power over another human being, the dizzy ambition of being lord of another's will for a stated period of time — the euphoric ability to direct and command an activity presumably least subject to coercion and unquestionably most subject to shame and taboo. This is a very considerable impression of power to purchase for ten or fifteen dollars. When the bargain is struck, the prostitute will, like labour in any exploitative relationship, try to do the least she possibly can to earn it. But at the same time the bargain is struck, and the very fact that it **can be** demonstrates the relative positon of male and female, his place as master, hers as slave, outlined in a manner gross enough, enlarged enough, to evoke an earlier, more open mastery. Prostitution is, in a sense, antique, a fossil in the social structure, pointing, as all fossils do, to an earlier age. But the correct metaphor must be social, not phenomenological; must remind us. . . that men have traded in women throughout most of human history and have regarded her as currency in every country of the world, in societies where a monetary system was never arrived at.' Little wonder that the origins of prostitution lie in temples converted from fertility rites to the cult of patriarchy.

"Somehow every indignity the female suffers ultimately comes to be symbolized in a sexuality that is held to be her responsibility, her shame. Even the self-denigration required of the prostitute is an emotion urged upon all women, but rarely with as much success: not as frankly, not as openly, not as efficiently. It can be summarized in one four letter world. And the word is not fuck, it's cunt. Our self-contempt originates in this: in knowing we are cunt. That is what we are supposed to be

about — our essence, our ofTence." (Kate Millet)

* * *

"I'll bet legalizing prostitution would take a lot of wind out of its sails. . . No, I don't think they should legalize prostitution. Anyway, I don't dig those state whore-houses. In Reno they have legal whorehouses, and they have them in Hamburg too. Everyone walks around with a licence. If you ever tried to get another job, forget it. They've got you on the police books, and the state is making a lot of money on prostitution. Cool. Got it? And then the second thing is, like you're in there. You're really in a box, because they've got you licensed and ticketed and you can't do anything else. In Hamburg you can't appear on the streets in the rest of the city, in the nice part, after 8 p.m., so you're on a reservation, in a cell. In the Near East the brothels are literally cages, and whores have to turn twenty to thirty tricks a day." (M, an ex-prostitute, quoted in **The Prostitution Papers.**)

* * *

"The actual situation. . . is that prostitution is accepted by everyone — police, judges, clerks, and lawyers. Arrest and prosecution are purely gestures that have to be made to keep up the facade of public morality. The method of dealing with it is simply a form of harassment, not a form of prevention, abolition, or punishment. There is no conviction at any level that prostitution is a crime on anyone's part, only a total and satisfied acceptance of the double standard, excusing the male, accusing the female. There is also a curious fascination with the prostitutes, 'the girls', a geniality towards them, friendliness even, in the sense of familiarity. . .

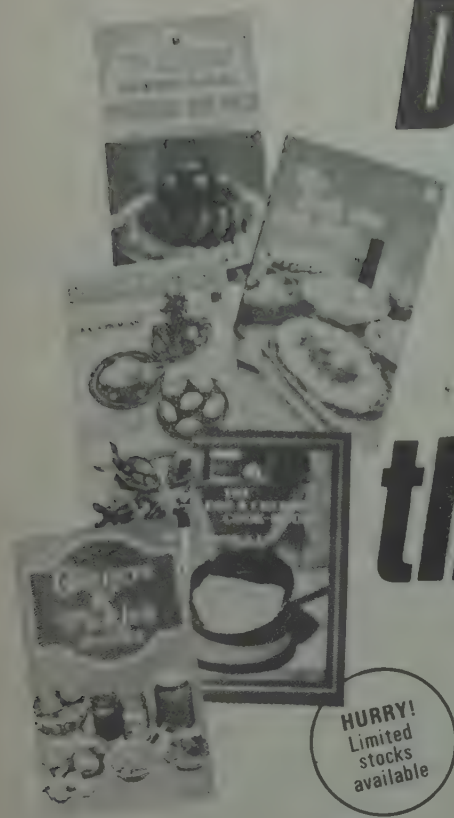
". . .Finally, I've come to feel that the whole legal system backs men up, confirms their power. In court I've been watching what happens to women who are picked up for prostitution. There are some judges who will just dismiss it. The district attorney will charge the woman with loitering for the purposes of prostitution, and the judge will respond with, 'Forget it. this is pointless.' Other judges will send prostitutes up for fifteen to ninety days. It is a system which says that women who are making it with men for money, selling their body when it is the best, the only, commodity they have, are committing a victimless crime, but, nonetheless, we're going to get them for it. And for me, there is no clearer indication than prostitution that all women are a potential species of social or political prisoner. Prostitution is really the only crime in the penal law where two people are doing a thing mutually agreed upon and yet only one, the female partner, is subject to arrest. And they never even take down the man's name. It's not his crime, but the woman's. . .

". . .Ultimately I have come to understand the legal treatment of prostitution is only a farce. The court is merely a machine, processing an average of thirty women a day on loitering and prostitution charges, spitting out people like paper wads. The women I saw while doing statistical work in the court clerk's office, arraignment section, are very different from the group below in the pens, if only because they are sufficiently well off to get bailed out. Such women are not the committed cases, not the addicts, not the petty thieves. The rest down below stairs I remember most as being totally drugged out, their passivity a wall between us, between themselves and the world. What takes place in court is just the machine part of it, the racket part of it, how it actually works, coming in and going out. And it's nothing. Just like going to the doctor. Just as quick and just as routine.

"The real reasons why the law was changed (in New York) and the prostitution charge raised to a misdemeanour have obviously nothing to do with the stated intention given out at the time, namely the need for longer periods of rehabilitation, but only reflect the varying pressure the city feels from businessmen to clean up hotels. This is also the major block to legalization.

"Since no one takes it seriously the entire legal aspect of prostitution is just bullshit, based on nothing but some kind of out-of-nowhere sense that they just must get this show into production over and over again, not because it matters or because it'll change anything or because anyone believes there is anything wrong with it at all — but because it is essential to keep up appearances. It's clear that prostitutes are the greatest spectacle in the court, every day's choicest entertainment. What happens to them matters to no one. They're no threat, but the law keeps on picking them up. They have relationships with the cops, and the judges know them too; the whole system bleeds them sexually and economically. They put out and they pay their fines. Public decorum is satisfied because whores are arrested. This is the justice men bestow on women." (L, a woman lawyer quoted in **The Prostitution Papers.**)

(Excerpts from **The Prostitution Papers** by Kate Millet. A Paladin publication.)



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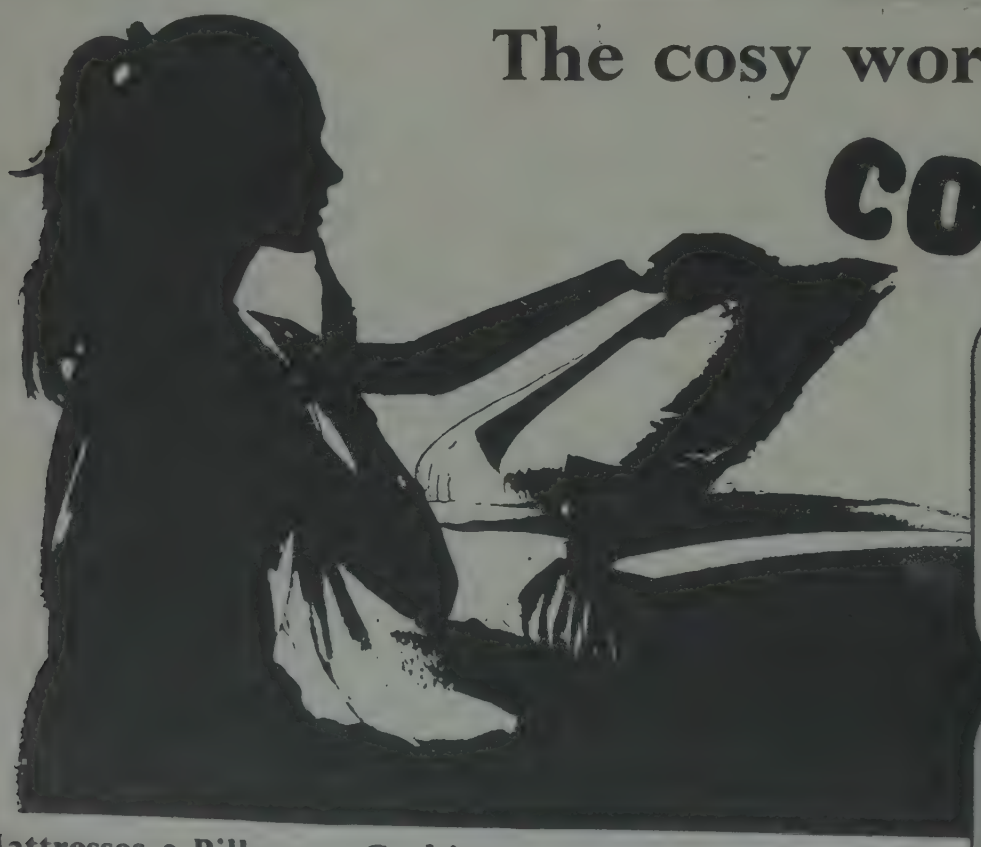

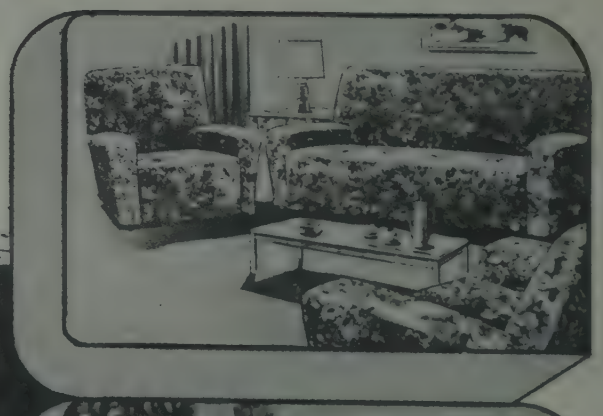

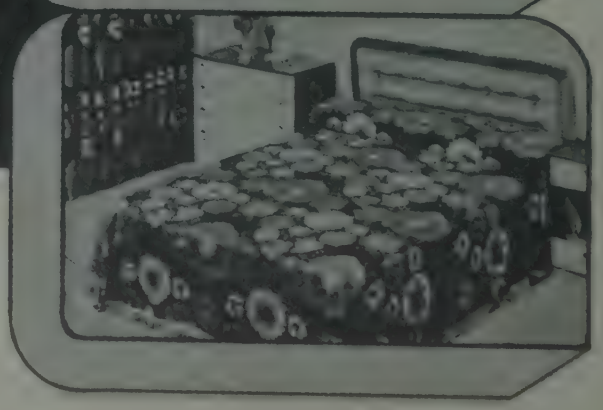

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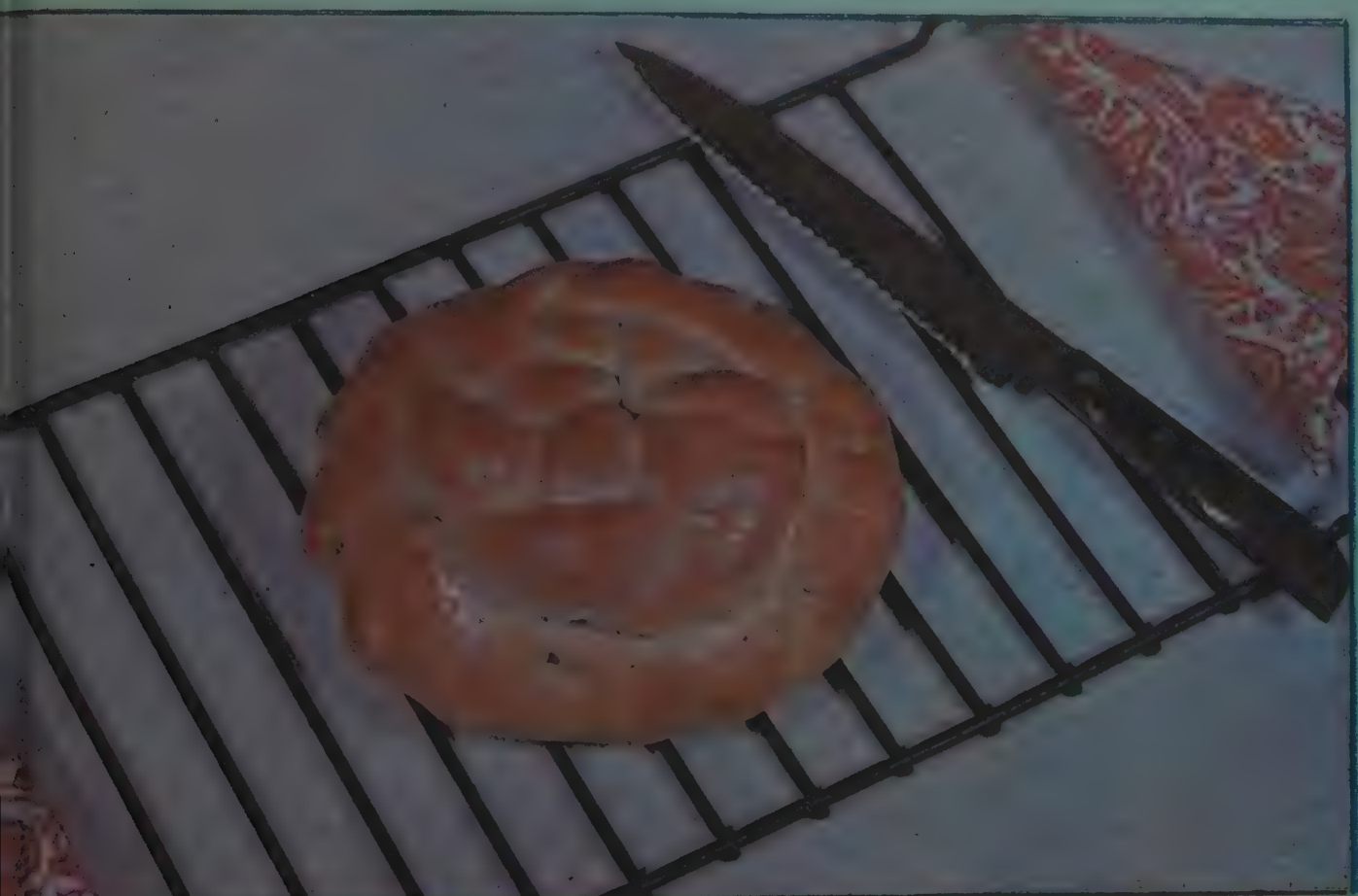

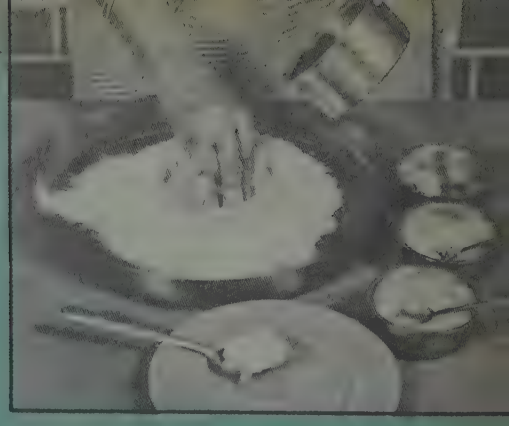

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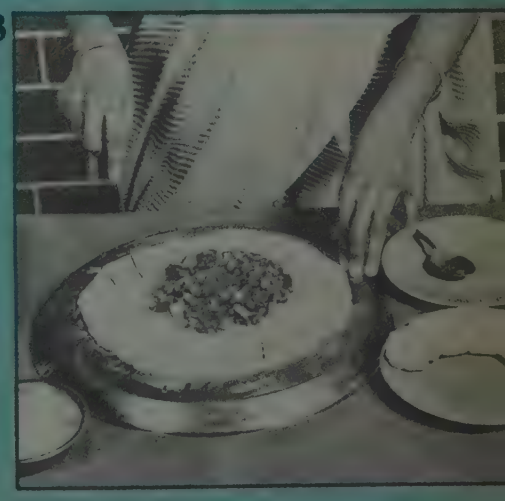

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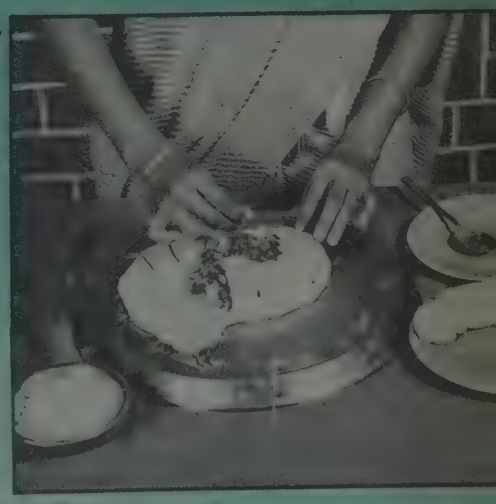

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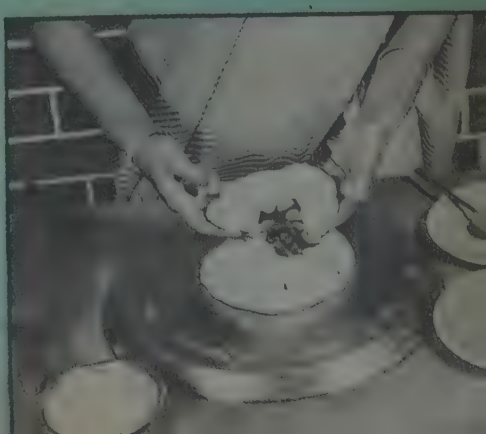

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FOR THE BREAD :

2 cups flour; 1 tsp. fresh yeast; 1 tsp. sugar; 1 tsp. salt; 1 tbsp. margarine or butter; ½ cup lukewarm water.

FOR THE FILLING :

1 large apple; 2 tbsps. raisins; 1 tbsp. black currants, seeded; ½ tsp. cinnamon; 1 tbsp. butter; 4 tbsps. brown sugar.

FILLING :

Peel and core the apple. Chop into tiny pieces. Melt the butter and put in the apple pieces, raisins, black currants and brown sugar. Cook on slow heat till apples are soft and the water is absorbed. Remove from the fire and cool. Leave aside. (Any desired filling of your choice may be used instead of the apple and currants)

BREAD :

1. Melt sugar and salt in luke warm water. Mix yeast directly in the flour and make a soft dough with the prepared sugar and salt water. Knead the dough for 5 minutes with margarine or butter. Keep this dough in an oiled vessel, covered with a wet cloth for 1½ hour till it rises to double its volume.

2. Now reknead the dough. Put it on a floured surface. From the quarter of the dough make a braid. Keep this aside. From the remaining dough roll out into a round shape — about 8" diameter. Put the stuffing in the centre, covering about 6" in diameter.

3. Put slantwise cuts on the outside portion with a sharp knife, at a distance of 1".

4. Now pick up each cut strip and cover over the filling. Put all strips in such a way that they overlap over each other slightly.

5. Cover the centre opening with the braid ring. Preheat the oven to 250°C. Keep this prepared bun on a greased baking tray, covered with a wet cloth. Leave aside to rise. Bake the bun for 25 minutes till golden brown on top. Remove from the oven and cool on a rack. Brush with melted ghee.

Photographs: Farokh Reporter

GRAPPLING WITH THE GOON

Rosanna Rebello

MASTERING THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE HAS BECOME ALMOST A NECESSITY FOR WOMEN IN CITIES TO GUARD THEMSELVES FROM PREDATORY MALES

Neeta is a young, demure collegian and is the very epitome of femininity. Yes, she has heard and read of instances of women being waylaid and molested, and this set her thinking whether she should still cling to her feminine delicacy and quiescence like most women, or arm herself to fight off any attack on her.

Her mind was made up. She was no longer going to be that passive and bashful girl, scared of Eve-teasers and other such types. And so she decided to learn that very masculine martial art Judo.

Practically every woman has encountered roadside Romeos and other uncouth youths, be it in a crowded bus or walking on a crowded road. The greater the physical endowments, the higher the risks of attracting the unwelcome attentions of lecherous males and, physically weaker than men, women fall an easy prey to male lasciviousness.

A Judo veteran, Mr. K. D. Doctor, one of the instructors of "Judokan", a Judo school in south Bombay, says, "Every woman understands the importance of the need for self-defence, but presumably in our society, which is so ridden with conservatism and puritanical inhibitions as far as women are concerned, girls feel reluctant to take to Judo because it involves a lot of body contact with males."

The term "Judo", Mr. Doctor explained, means "gentle way." It is actually combating with your opponent in a subtle manner without any display of angry violence. Strangely, the form of martial art which is supposed to be the pregenitor of Judo, was first practised in India by Tibetan monks. These monks crossed the border and went into China and Japan and along with their religious doctrine they also taught their style of this martial art.

The Judo of modern times, however, was refined by Dr. Iigoro Kano of Japan in the 19th century. He is, therefore, acclaimed as the "father of modern Judo" and this refined art he called "jujitsu." Judo also aids the development of the mind and builds up one's power of concentration. One learns to co-ordinate one's mind and body, as well as to control one's emotions.

Judo comprises mainly throws, falls and ground techniques. It was popular among the Samurai of Japan. Since 1900 Judo has been practised in the schools and universities of Japan and women participated actively in it. In Judo you upset the balance of

Photograph K. D. Doctor

LEFT : Zarina Sunny throws Sonnu with the outer foot sweep.

BELOW : The training is long and arduous, but the dividend in security is high.

your opponent and make use of his own weight and strength to overpower him.

Zarina Sunny, a gold medallist at the 1979 Judo Nationals held in Hyderabad, says, "Indian girls are very orthodox and that is why they don't take to such sports." Although Zarina has not had any occasion to put her Judo into practical use, she says "I feel very confident and will not hesitate to use my Judo techniques (which can be destructive) if the situation calls for it."

Neeta, the young collegian, also has not had any occasion to put her Judo to use so far, but she has immense self-confidence now, which she is sure will enable her to retaliate should she encounter any vicious elements.

Havovi Rustomji, a Bombay beautician, was compelled to take a self-defence course, which was a comprehensive one and included Judo as well as Karate, because she is handicapped to a certain extent, being partially blind. She explained, "Many times I have had bad experiences when I was accosted on the roads by men who knew of my disability.' But her intensive training in Judo and Karate stood her in good stead when in December 1978, three hoodlums barged into her beauty parlour on Peddar Road, and tried to assault her. She faced her adversaries dauntlessly and used her knowledge of self-defence effectively. With her bare hands she fearlessly attacked them and the intruders ran away. This attracted a lot of attention from the passers by, who were surprised at the sight of robust males fleeing from a woman.

So it is evident that the martial arts do equip a woman with courage, self-confidence and the ability to defend herself. Today, with goondaism and Eve-teasing spreading, it is expedient for women to have at least a rudimentary knowledge of either Judo or Karate or any other form of self-defence.

Some Judo instructors like Mr. Pastakia, feel that the reason for the miniscule member of females that have taken to martial arts is that "Such sports are given a poor press coverage unlike cricket, which has many magazines devoted exclusively to its propagation.

Karate, a sister art of Judo, has also not succeeded in catching the fancy of Indian women. Mr. Adil Khambatta, an instructor at the V.J.I.T. school of Karate, observes that only about 15 per cent of the Bombay women enrol for this art. "They join it primarily to learn scientific techniques of self-defence.'

Karate, which is a major martial art, also had its roots in India. The term Karate means "empty hands," and the first evidence of an Indian barehanded fighting art, is to be found in the Buddhist scriptures called "Lotus Sutra." Also, the Kshatryas practised a barehanded martial art called "vajramushti" which had Karate-like techniques. The students of vajramushti strengthened their hands by first pouring milk on their fists and then striking a stone slab.

A Buddhist monk called Bodhidharma taught some of his priests this art around 500 B.C. and it became an integrated part of the south Indian Buddhist culture. Today in South India, there is a martial art called "Kalaripattu", which is a derivative of vajramushti. It is very similar to the modern Kung-fu. A student of Karate visited this place in the South and brought back pictures which showed women performing these exercises in the days of Bhodidharma. Gradually, this art spread to China and Japan where it was received with enthusiasm by men, women and children.

In 1904 Karate was introduced in the schools of Japan. In 1934 many "dojos" (training halls) were opened in the U.S.A. where Karate and Kung-fu are being taught even by female instructors.

The Kung-fu of today is also an offshoot of the Buddhist martial art which was practised around 520 B.C. in India. It is also blended with the Chinese and South-East Asian martial arts.

Karate returned to India after many centuries in its refined form only about a decade ago. Mr. Khambatta says that women took to it only about four to five years ago in Bombay. He thinks ladies are bashful and to shake them out of their shyness he suggests, "There should be classes run by women exclusively for women. This will attract housewives too."

In this regard, it must be mentioned that there has already been a move made in this direction by the "Judokan" which runs a class in Judo solely for women and is the only one of its kind in India. It is managed by Shernaz Ankleswaria, a former Judo champion.

Two students of Karate, Deepa Majumdar and Deepti Iyyunni, both students of engineering, were attracted to Karate mainly because they wanted to learn the art of self-defence. Trained in it for quite some time now, they have realised that Karate stimulates the mind, as also keeps you mentally alert. Prasanna Nambiar, another student of engineering, observed, "Our course is such that Karate gives us the stamina it needs."

These three young girls have never had any experiences where they had to use their prowess. Yet with Karate on their side, they feel quite secure to face any situation. A vigorous self-defence course does equip a woman with incredible confidence and there is also a subtle air of power which she exudes which makes one sense that she is a tough girl.

There is apparently no reason to deter a woman from learning the martial arts. Monetarily, the courses are within the reach of even the lower middle class section of our society. They do make some demand on one's time and sincerity of purpose. Yet, this investment of time and effort yields rich dividends in confidence and prominal safety.

It is heartening to hear from various instructors that an increasing number of women are participating in Judo and Karate as compared with a decade ago. This of course does not negative the fact that the percentage is still diminutive.

The time has dawned for women to acquire the ability to defend themselves and to keep Eve-teasers and those lacking in decency at bay. This is the surest way to curb the depravity of a vicious segment of the male population which is growing larger in all our cities.

Photograph K. D. Doctor

The women's team which won the ladies' team championship at the Judo Nationals held at the Hyderabad National Games in Feb. 1979.

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UNTOUCHABLE

A SELF-PROCLAIMED PROGRESSIVE, HE FOUND OUT WHAT A COWARD HE WAS WHEN SUMI ASKED HIM TO MARRY HER. SHE WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR LUST, BUT MARRIAGE?

Shailendra Ghorpade

Lazily I manoeuvered my free arm past the prostrate S-shaped figure of the girl. Flipping the wrist watch on the rickety side table to its face up position I read off the luminous liquid crystal display — just about the wrong side of three in the morning.

The flickering neon lights filtered in through the frayed lace curtains. An enduring reminder to vulnerable consumers of the existence of a product capable of doing wonders for the whole family's health. Phooey, anyway what audience did those electronic monstrosities expect at that time of the day — or night? Except maybe for the emaciated stray dogs and thirsty swaying drunkards that floated ominously amidst the deathless life of Bombay's streets after dark.

She stirred, emitted a few unintelligible gurglings and flopped over on her obverse side. Her rich copper tanned breasts tinted with flashes of green and red, reflections of the intruding neon signs. A streaming cascade of hair the colour of a raven in his prime, mapped the contours of a youthful face that lay resting blissfully on my left arm numb from the delicious weight.

I retrieved a cigarette from the crushed packet on the headboard, flicked the lighter to life and saturated my lungs with the smoke. My fingers toyed mechanically with the lighter while my mind drifted to other thoughts.

How long ago was it since I had had a decent night's sleep. How many mornings ago had I walked cheerfully into the second floor office to the business-like staccato of the teleprinters pounding out the murders, rapes, calamities, births and the inevitable optimistic ministers' statements.

Oh God, I felt so gregariously lonely. More lonely than when I had spent nine lonely parasitic months in my mother's womb. The girl on my arm did precious little to release me from that depthless void, left miserably individual with only waves of barbed thoughts for company. Thoughts that gnawed my insides slowly but surely. Corroding my very being, my only succour in this dog-eat-dog world, my sanity.

In the classical style of story-tellers, it all began in that difficult period of youth when armed with a post-graduate degree in journalism I had headed back home to commandeer parental blessings for what I then enthusiastically called "a glorious career in journalism".

Home was a one zamindar (my father) small town tucked away in the folds of the historic Sayhadri range. Devoted parents, religious, proud of their aristocratic lineage, their professed open mind and now their only son a confirmed 'double-graduate'.

On the day I was to take the train to Bombay loaded with a respectable sheaf of currency notes — for a spanking new wardrobe, my anglophile, retired Colonel father told me — my mother (God bless her) made **sheera** floating in rich homemade ghee and nuts as an offering to the resident deity to protect her only son in his conquest of the city. At the threshold festooned with a string of auspicious mango leaves she performed **aarti**, after which I touched my father's feet only to be blessed with what at that time seemed a ridiculous thing to say. "Don't dabble with the wrong girls, boy". I hugged my mother, who managed to hold back all but one lonely tear. And I was gone.

Bombay fascinated me. The freedom, the booze, the girls, the libraries, the happenings and the impersonal air where I was just another face in the faceless crowd. And the job was good. Very soon I got addicted to all the wrong things which, however, in Bombay seemed the right things to do. After all, public school and comparitively well off parents helped with a sense of security.

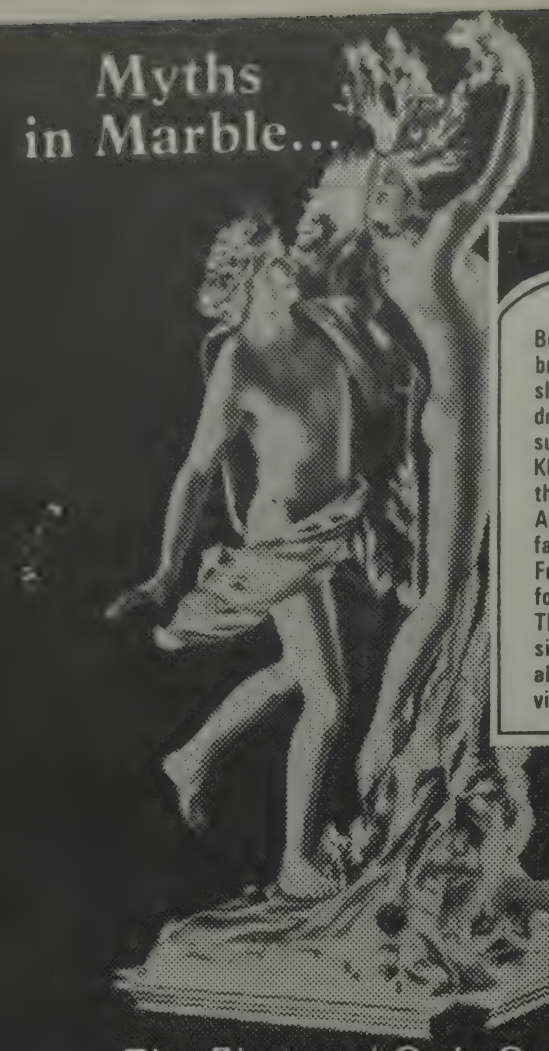
But with all my upper class habits I was passionately drunk with the idealism of equality, secularism and castelessness that the neo-intellectuals of my generation seemed to be wedded to. For me the fight against casteism was a personal one, for had not my father thrown open the doors of our 'family' temple to the untouchables way back in the '30s.

The unintelligible mumblings of a covey of drunks floating in through the open window brought me back to the present, or more precisely to the recent past.

Was the seed of insomnia and short-circuited thoughts sown that night when the first showers of the monsoon had spread their message of life over the hot and dusty city? The day when Sumi — for that was her name — and I had celebrated Indra's blessings in that crate-sized, cheap hotel room in Dadar charged with a frenzy reminiscent of tigers making love. That night when in the overwhelming heat of the moment I had nipped at her love-hard breasts a shade too enthusiastically releasing a sticky trickle of thick red blood through the surface wound. My moist lips and saliva spewing, tongue caressing, cleaning, soothing and finally sucking the rivulet of blood dry.

That night when we lay gleefully panting in a bid to refill the air that had collapsed our demanding lungs screaming for oxygen in our heaving chests. That night when drained of all stren-

Myths in Marble...



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UNTOUCHABLE

gth we just stared at each other, one long never-ending stare that encapsulated all that we had meant to each other.

"Harsh," she had implored, "Don't ever. . . ever leave me. Marry me."

I kissed away a salty tear. "Hush, princess, don't cry," I said noncommittally.

"But Harsh, why don't you. . . you never say yes. . . why. . . why? Is it because I am a Harijan?" she managed to splutter through her heavy breathing.

"Don't be silly, darling," I said gently capping the offending mouth that in an instant had insulted — or had it laid bare — my supposedly extreme stand condemning our caste-ridden societies to oblivion.

I had lost count of the number of times she had asked me after that. And as always I had unintentionally warded off her 'invitation' with a smother of kisses or a smatter of inconsequentialities. But now thinking back I wondered, was it really unintentional? Why had I never committed myself or at least logically reasoned it out? Was it the cliched thought that after all we were too young to be committed in life? Too early for lifelong permanancies like marriage? Or was it that I had just used this girl (and she me) keeping in step with the coming permissiveness, to release my pent up desires, to enjoy the moment and not a thought to the future? That was the way of modern youth, wasn't it?

No, I corrected myself. Sumi meant much more to me than a girl to shack up with. One of those buds that would be deflowered on life's garden path. Just a youthful fancy nothing more.

I carelessly droped the lighter back on the headboard. The clatter awoke Sumi who in her characteristic way mischievously prised one eyelid open and then, after a deliberately paused moment, another.

"What time is it?" she asked drowsily.

"Sshhh, go to sleep." I flicked the half-finished cigarette at the window. It bounced back with a spray of flying embers on contact with one of the rusty bars, and fell still glowing to the floor. I let it lie for there was no carpet to burn — which ill-paid journalist could afford a carpeted room!

I slid down from my half-propped-up position and cuddled her body into the lee of my stomach. She was warm and inviting. The neon signs still flickered and we made love to their electronic rhythm.

A half hour later Sumi was thankfully asleep and I was cursedly still awake. Time for another cigarette and a repeat performance of every night's silent soliloquy. Time for the one-man battle of wits between society and individual.

I had met Sumi a little over three years ago. A mischievous innocent slip of a girl from some godforsaken village deep in northern U.P.'s hilly terrain. From a Harijan family — she never considered herself untouchable — Central Government Research scholarship, intelligent, non-assuming and, above all, human.

From then on it was a down-to-earth patent study of two young people in love. One, an aspiring journalist with no time for social prejudices; the other, a research scholar unhampered by caste barriers in this metropolis haunted by westernized youth. There seemed to be no problem that one was a 'blue-blooded' Kshatriya, the other a (black-blooded?) Harijan.

Impatient days when I would short-change my report of some bloody minister's speech extolling the imminent programme for the uplift of the poorer sections, a roof over every family's head, wheat in every **chhaki** and clothes on every bare back, towards the goal of Gandhiji's ramrajya, in the spirit of his mantra to wipe every tear from every eye. Wasn't he the chappie that had recently defected to the ruling party and added the latter to the former party's slogan?

She would be waiting in front of Akbarally's, coy and nervous. Pretending to look at the brightly-lit shop window.

My appearance would break her spell of delightful fancy only to enmesh herself in the sticky web of another equally delightful spell — ourselves. After that it was patties and milky tea at a bustling Irani restaurant followed by a crowded bus ride to Chowpatty. That clattering, smoke-spewing curse of Bombay's commuters was our blessing, for most of the time it was the only opportunity we got of making surreptitious advances and physical contact with each other, while looking in opposite directions, of course, and being turned on by the electric current that passed from one body to another like a live wire in a wet bathroom.

But then, a couple of weeks ago she had on a war footing fomented the idea of wedlock. Nothing wrong with that really, except that economically it would be trying. I should have ruminated the issue on those lines. But somehow I didn't.

I shuddered at the thought of my numerous aunts — the bitches — portending the contamination of our blue-blooded community with apprehensions about the entry of untouchable blood. About my friends who adored Sumi till she was 'your girl'. But marriage, now that's something quite different. About my mother, taking it all very bravely but rotting inside with every recurring thought of the **paap**. About myself, eminently happy with Sumi in our aloneness but haunted by a nagging guilt of having pulled the wrong string somewhere along the line.

What a gutless hypocrite I was! Even to think along those lines in our permissive society was perjury. But the devil be hanged. I just couldn't bar those dastardly thoughts from crossing my mind. If only thoughts were like rain on a windscreen that could be wiped off with a flick of the wipers. If only life was doing what one really wanted.

Who was the untouchable, I asked myself. Was it Sumi, born to parents and a section of our society that were branded 'untouchable' like some rabied mongrel ekeing out an existence among life's gutters? At least the dog lost its brand with death. Harijans passed it on to future generations. Or was my mind, perish the thought, the real untouchable?

It was a battle between our traditions, our exceptional heritage, our rich culture and my progressive spirit, my westernized trappings and my Sumi.

Was it the residue of the former in my blood or the still immature embodiment of the latter that made up my mind?

Silently, with the guilt of a thousand gutless lovers, I slipped on my pants, threw the shirt over my shoulders and walked out on her.

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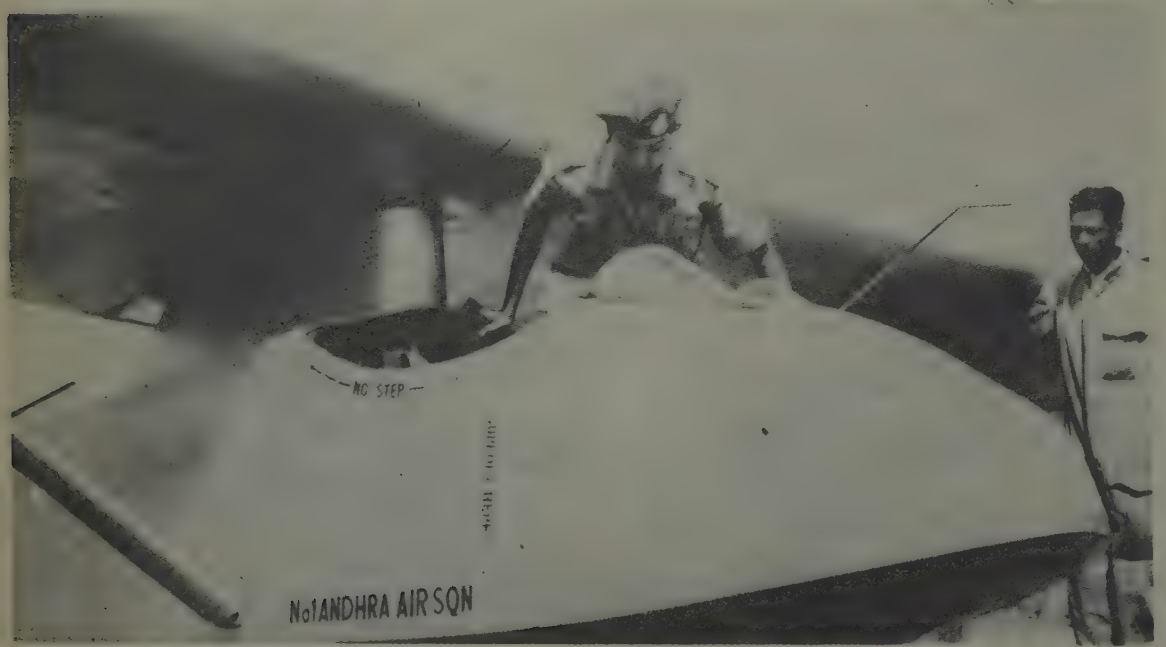
MADHURI M LIMKAR:

FLYING HIGH



Daring young Madhuri M. Limkar created history for the No. 1 (A) Air Squadron of the National Cadet Corps when she undertook a successful solo flight in the Rohini glider from Dindigul. It was then that her colleagues and others hailed her as Andhra Pradesh's first lady astronaut of the future.

Pretty, confident, smart, and perfectly groomed Madhuri makes a perfect picture of poise and grace. She is the second daughter of Mrs. and Mr. M. Limkar doing her first year B.A. with a variety of subjects such as English, French, Public Administration, Sociology and History, at Hyderabad and is also a cadet of the No. 2 (A) Girls Batallion of NCC.

From childhood, Madhuri had an intense interest in sports, games and out-door activities such as climbing mountains, flying in the air etc. No sooner had she joined college then she discovered that the college offered diverse extra curricular activities to quench her thirst for adventure. Availing the opportunity Madhuri decided to join the NCC, where she was sent to attend the All India Basic and Advance Leadership camp at Assam. The gruelling training and rigid discipline developed in her the courage and confidence to go on and she was the first girl to join the Air Wing.

Observing her grit, gumption and power of sustenance, Squadron Leader, P. Bhaduri, the Commanding Officer of Air Unit started teaching her gliding to groom her to become a first class glider.

In order to understand the technique and function of the glider, theoretical training in important subjects like Principles of Flight, Airmanship, Navigation, Meteorology etc. was imparted," says Madhuri. Though all this was at the theory level it was enough to stimulate her feminine spirits and make her long to fly. "The first day, I went up in my Rohini Glider with the instructor, was such an exciting experience that it is impossible to forget."

When asked to what extent she is expected to fly and stay in space, she says, "Normally we gain the height of 1000 feet. But in the event of a glider being caught in thermal, it gains height of about 3000 or more feet depending on how the thermal is. It is always better to remain out of the thermal." Her favourite type of glider is SETBURY (T21 8) since its controls are smooth and sensitive, but she has used other gliders such as Rohini and German gliders during her training.

27th December, 1977 proved to be a golden letter day in Madhuri's flying career as she had the unique distinction of becoming the First Girl Glider-Pilot of Andhra Pradesh in the All India Gliding competition at Safdarjung Airport, Delhi and was placed as 2nd Best Glider-Pilot in India. The Minister for Civil Aviation and Tourism, Mr. P. L. Kaushik decorated her with a silver medal.

When questioned about her future plans, Madhuri said, "I have an ambition to become a successful pilot. I would like to undergo training abroad, but for that I need financial help from the Government of India. I have already passed the 'B' Certificate examination. I will continue training in Power-flying."

When asked whether she would like to become an astronaut, Madhuri replied, "I don't think, I could be a real astronaut since sitting in that tiny capsule for days is unbearable!" In any case, aviation seems to be Madhuri's life mission, though it takes a lot of concentration. One hopes that she will hit the headlines of the aviation press if she pursues her career with determination.

T. Mohan Kumar

BRINGING THE CLASSICS TO LIFE

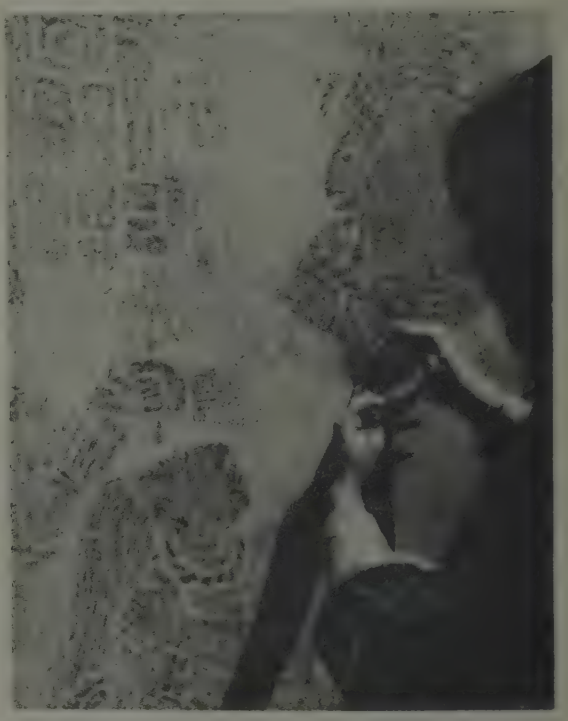


Photo : DaD Wald Thausen

Indian stone relief designs on cloth.

Berlin (DaD) — We know far more about the culture of the ancient Egyptians and Chinese than we do about the cultures of Latin America. Much evidence of pre-Columbian culture is to be found only in remote ruins and is extremely difficult to transport. The artistic stone reliefs of the Mayas are a case in point.

This is why Unesco is giving financial support to the work of two young people from the Federal Republic of Germany, Inge Metzler and Heinz Kuzdas, who for some years now have been copying these designs and using them on textiles. First they took prints of stone reliefs in Bolivia, Ecuador, Guatemala, Mexico and Peru. They also worked in the Ethnology Museum in West Berlin, which has a relief for the Mexican temple city of Yaxchilan.

Frau Metzler and Herr Kuzdas would like to teach the people who live in these places of worship their technique, which is a kind of frottage using little cushions dipped in paint.

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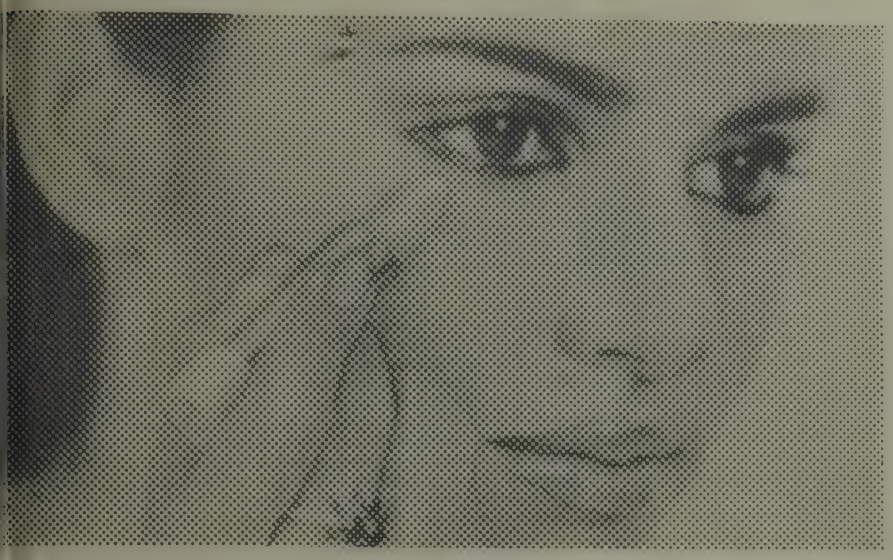

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AN UNCARING CITY

On March 20, eighteen-year-old Harshmita Vakil was stabbed to death at Ghatkopar station at about 11.15 a.m. in the presence of hundreds of commuters, who stood by while the assailant, Vijay Shamrao Chunurker, allegedly stabbed her several times in the back and thigh.

"My daughter could have been saved if there were even a few people at the station with a conscience. Had they not been so callous and selfish, they could have easily overpowered him. Where was the morality of the people of Bombay who watched an innocent young girl being murdered cold-bloodedly? Have the people of the city become so gutless that one man, with onlv a dagger, can paralyse hundreds of them with fear?" asked Mr. Harshadrai Vakil, Harshmita's father, who is still under a shock.

Describing the events of that unfortunate day, the tearful father says, "On the morning of March 20, Harshmita and I boarded the local train for Thane from V.T. at 7.42 a.m. We reached Ghatkopar at 8.15 a.m. From the station, I went to the school where I teach and my daughter went to give her tuitions. After finishing her tuitions, she came to the station at 11 a.m. She was near the booking window when the murderer, who was waiting behind a wall, caught her. When she resisted, he started stabbing her. Afraid of the dagger which he was brandishing, people merely watched from a distance. After stabbing her several times, the assailant started running and then people chased him. He was finally caught by a constable passing by in a rickshaw and handed over to the Kurla Railway Police.

"Although I was in Ghatkopar, I was informed about the tragedy only at 2 p.m. No first-aid was given to the girl, who was bleeding profusely. Fifteen valuable minutes were wasted in completing the panchanama and other formalities before she was taken to the Rajawadi Hospital in Ghatkopar," says the father. Harshmita died a few minutes after reaching hospital.

Harshmita was a pretty and intelligent girl. She was doing first year Junior Commerce in Hinduja College. Her father, a primary school teacher in a Ghatkopar school, had helped her to secure private tuitions there. She used to go with him every morning and in the afternoon attend her college classes. Since her father's earnings were meagre, she wanted to help supplement the family income. The family lives in a one-room tenement in Contractor Building on Karwar Street in the Fort area. Harshmita was awarded many proficiency certificates in school.

The young girl's troubles began when Vijay Chunurker, a waiter in Kalpana Hotel on D'Mello Road, spotted her while she was playing the Garba at Bazar Gate, during the Navratri festival. Her father says, "For the last two months he had been chasing my daughter, but she ignored him. I was in the dark about it but my wife knew. On the evening of February 27, my daughter was going to buy bangles in the Fort area after returning from college, when the young man chased her and started teasing her."

Harshmita Vakil

Harshmita told one of her classmates of her plight. She took her to Mr. K. G. Shidore, Assistant Commissioner of Police, on the evening of March 19. After hearing her complaint, he told Harshmita that since her residence was within the jurisdiction of the Palton Road Police Station, she should go there. He gave her a recommendatory note for Inspector Bapat who was in charge of that station. She brought the note home and at 8.20 the same evening took her mother and sister to the Palton Road Police Station. Unfortunately, Inspector Bapat was off duty at that time, so she could not see him. She planned to see him the next day.

Little did she know that the next morning was to be her last. Says the grief-stricken father, "We are ruined. We have lost faith in human beings as well as in God. What kind of a cruel city are we living in where man does not help man?"

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I KNOW-
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HE'LL MOW YOU DOWN REGARDLESS OF RACE, CREED OR COLOR!
8-13

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The managing director called the sales manager into his office and said: "I'm promoting you to sales director, giving you a rise of Rs. 500 a month and a fat chunk of stock in the company. What have you to say to that?"

"Thanks, Dad."

* * *

"How are your wife's driving lessons coming on?"

"Oh, she shows definite improvement. The road is beginning to turn when she does."

* * *

Remember that it doesn't take long in some marriages for the man to wonder what happened to the girl he married and for the girl to wonder what happened to the man she didn't.

* * *

His mother had seventeen children and they put her on a pedestal...they had to do something to keep her away from Dad.

* * *

A gentleman whose wife was delivered of a boy seven months after marriage, asked a physician the reason for this.

THAT'S A LAUGH!

"Don't worry about it," said the doctor. "This often happens in the case of a first child, but never afterwards."

* * *

The busy executive asked his secretary where his pencil was.

"It's behind your ear," she replied.

"Come, come," said the big shot, "I'm a busy man. Which ear?"

* * *

Love is a beautiful thing — it's a shame people have to get married and spoil it.

* * *

"I never knew till I got a car," said the old man, "that profanity was so prevalent."

"Do you hear much of it on the road?"

"Why," was the reply, "nearly everybody I bump into swears dreadfully."

* * *

"I couldn't serve as a juror, judge. One look at that fellow convinces me he's guilty."

"Shhhh! That's the district attorney."

* * *

Newlywed husband: "I'll be very frank with you, dear, and tell you that you're not the first girl I've kissed."

Bride: "I'll also be frank, and tell you that you still have a lot to learn about kissing."

* * *

Patient to doctor: "I have a speech impediment. Every time I open my mouth my wife interrupts."

* * *

He: "So you won't marry me, eh? After all, you're not the only fish in the sea."

She: "Neither are you the only worm."

* * *

On the beach a genial fat man watched a group of shapely young ladies in scanty swim suits as they went through their morning setting-up exercises.

"Do you think this sort of thing is really good for reducing?" a sour-visaged acquaintance demanded.

"Unquestionably," beamed the fat man. "Why, I walk three miles every day to see it."

* * *

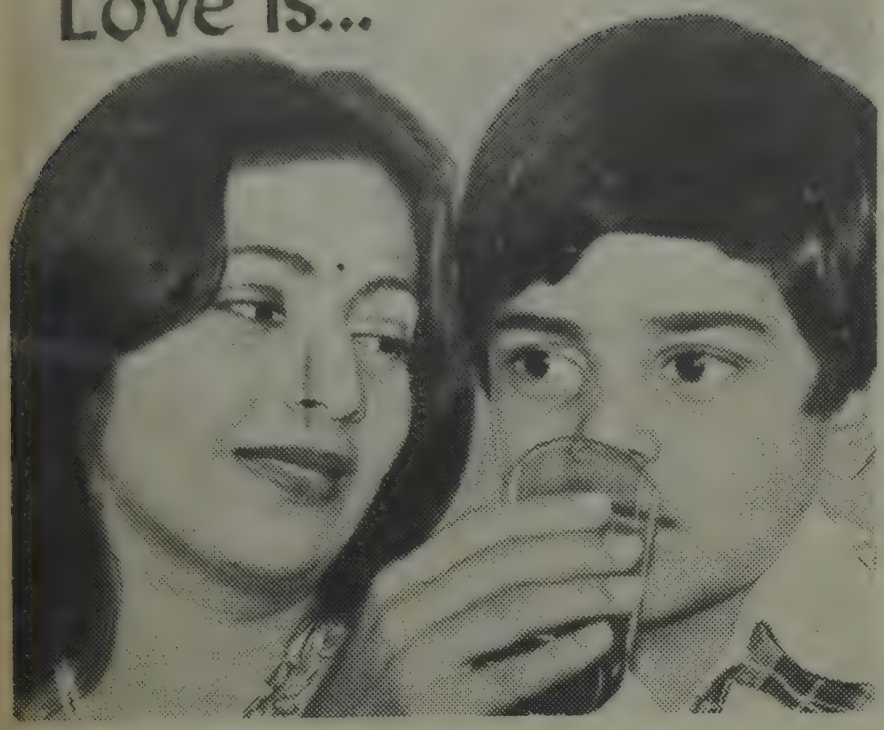
The nubile young woman had just had her appendix removed.

"Will the scar show, Doctor?" she asked.

"That depends," answered the surgeon gravely, "on your discretion and the demands of fashion."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

Love is...



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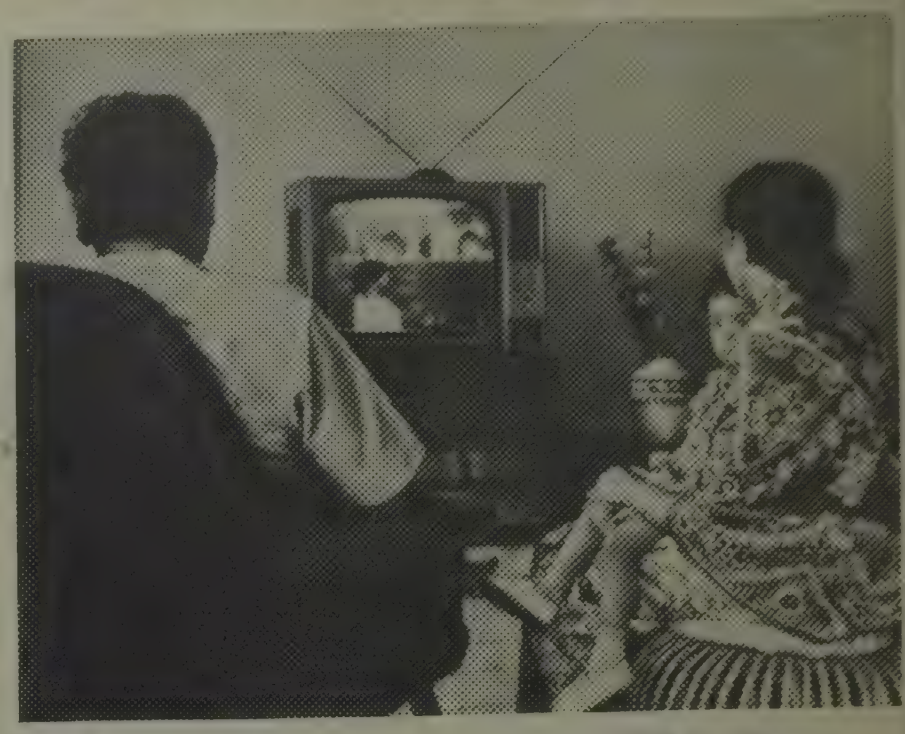

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Months	Amount Paid by Depositor	Matuty Value	Amount Paid by Depositor	Maturity Value
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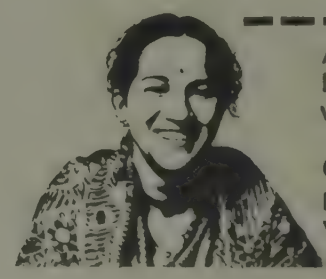
39	1950.00	2213.00	3900.00	4426.00
63	3150.00	4030.50	6300.00	8061.00
120	6000.00	9711.50	12000.00	19423.00



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Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

VEENA SLAICH

REACHING OUT TO THE HANDICAPPED

Miss Veena Slaich is a young woman who is deeply committed to the cause of the handicapped people. Nothing moves her more than the plight of a person without a limb and she is forever trying to help such people in whatever way she can. At present Superintendent of the College Division of the Institute of the Physically Handicapped, Delhi, she is also author of the recently published **Occupational Therapy for Physical Injuries,** the first book of its kind to be written in India.

Moved by the suffering of the handicapped people, Veena during her college days decided to do something that would help these people to channelize their energies in the right direction. "I felt that the rehabilitation of the handicapped people was a very neglected field, and whenever I saw such people begging or asking others for help at bus stops or on the roadside, it hurt me and I decided to join the Diploma Course in Occupational and Psysiotherapy in order to do something for these people," she says.

After finishing her course, Veena joined the same institution as a staff member and since then has done a lot to alleviate the suffering of the handicapped people. She has been associated with many associations and is an active member of the All-India Occupational Therapists' Association, the National Society for Equal Opportunities for the Handicapped and is a life member of the Federation for the Welfare of the Retarded (India).

Veena says that though the government is doing its best to help the handicapped, there is a lot more that should be done. "I feel there are many more areas where people can be employed after some training. But before we think of establishing separate training institutions for handicapped people, efforts should be made to bring about certain changes in the existing institutions meant for normal people. This integration will not only solve the financial problem, but will also give more confidence to the handicapped. Nothing can be more demoralizing and damaging to the personality development of such people than a feeling of isolation and segregation. Handicapped people are as good as normal people; they only need opportunities," she says.

Veena also feels that the first responsibility of parents is to accept their handicapped children. "But most parents find a handicapped child a burden. Even a slight defect in a child lowers their 'prestige' in society and they want to either send the child away to a boarding school or keep him hidden in the house. This not only hampers the development of the child; it also often results in a split personality later on, especially in the case of physically handicapped children. They get emotionally sick and after a few years pick up various bad habits like stealing, throwing tantrums, bed-wetting and even stammering. Parents of such children must realize that basically a child is a child whether he is normal or handicapped. He wants to be loved and accepted as other children. Then comes the role of the society," says Veena. "Society must be made aware as to what a handicap means. 'Handicapped' to most people means a helpless, deformed person. Most people feel that such a person's intelligence and capacity to work are below that of an average 'normal' person. It is a wrong notion. A handicapped person is as good as any normal person provided his energies are channelized in the right direction and at the right time. Society must be educated to recognize this fact."

According to Veena, as soon as some abnormal traits are noticed in a child, the parents must take him to the nearest institute meant for such people. "Right treatment given at the right time can be of great help in most cases."

Veena says that this field requires selfless and dedicated people. They must also be capable of genuinely feeling concern for people who are in need of help and sympathy. This was one reason why Veena decided not to get married; she did not want to divide her attention.

"I love my work so much that I don't have time to think about anyone. I am still moved by the sight of handicapped persons on the roadside, but I do not believe in giving money. I tell them to earn their own living and help them to achieve that. I refer them to various institutions and agencies which give training to such people."

Veena has been the main inspiration behind the setting up of the day care centre for the mentally retarded and physically handicapped at Kavi Nagar in U.P. She has also been presenting papers on various aspects of Occupational Therapy at conferences. In 1977, as an organizing secretary of the XIX National Conference of the All-India Occupational Therapists' Association, she read a paper titled "Hard to reach", devoting it mainly to the uplift of the rural masses.

Veena was offically deputed to visit various institutions helping the handicapped in West Bengal in 1976 to assess the volume of rehabilitation services available there. Before this, she had also visited Bombay and Pune. Veena spent about seven years collecting material and studying cases for her book on Occupational Therapy. It was released by Dr. Henry Viscarde, President, Human Resources Centre, USA, during his visit to this country early this year. A low-cost book, it will help greatly not only the students of Occupational Therapy, but all people devoted to the cause of the handicapped.

Jyotsana Kapoor

THE 'PATHA

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Pick on a paisley — paint or en
black and make it
favourite fashion ac

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in black with silver
embroidery and a t

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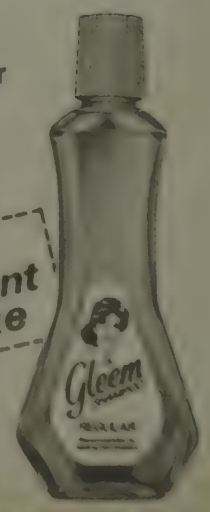

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BEAUTY

The dreadful acne, scars of acne, blackheads, etc. are some of the barriers to better looks. Here are some tips on how to get rid of acne.

People say that nothing will help acne. Is this true?

Absolutely untrue. It is unfortunate that there is so much misinformation about this skin condition. Often it causes serious psychological as well as physical problems, because people especially teenagers, don't take the simple, easy steps which usually work.

Scarring Can Be Corrected

Acne can be treated effectively in the majority of cases. The treatment is quite simple, usually involving the removal of blackheads by a qualified person, care in cleansing the skin, diet control and medication on the skin.

Even scarring from acne can now be corrected in many cases by dermatologists, using skin-freezing techniques, special instruments and chemicals to peel the skin. This is done with very little pain or discomfort.

Is acne "a necessary part of growing up" as many believe?

No. Acne usually occurs during the teens and early twenties, and thus is regarded by many as an unavoidable part of growing up. It is a common condition and not contagious. Most people ignore it. "You'll be all right after you grow up and get married," they say.

Such an attitude is meaningless. Marriage itself has no relationship to acne. Young married women can have acne, and so can their husbands.

Acne should be treated by a doctor as soon as it appears on the skin. It can be brought under control.

Can scarring from acne be prevented? If yes, how?

If action is taken in time, acne scarring can be prevented. Acne eruptions are formed when an oil gland becomes plugged. That is the beginning of a blackhead. It irritates the skin exactly as a splinter of wood does, or any other foreign matter.

If the blackhead is removed in time, there is no irritation and pus does not form. So no pimple appears and scarring is avoided. But if the blackhead is neglected, the skin tries to get rid of it by forming an inflamed pus pimple, or even deep painful bumps or cysts. These infections — and they are infections — destroy the tissues. And when they heal, they may leave permanent scars.

ACNE IS A REAL BEAUTY HAZARD AND DESERVES IMMEDIATE ATTENTION

It is important that blackheads are removed by a qualified person. He will tell you how to prevent blackheads from developing and will prescribe the necessary medications.

What is the best way to remove blackheads?

Removing Blackheads

The only way to get rid of blackheads is to have them removed by a qualified person and then use the prescribed medications. If you "pick" them and try to remove them yourself by squeezing you will damage the tissues, spread infection and form scars.

Can acne appear on the chest and back also?

Yes. The chest and the back, as well as the face, are the areas where the skin is richest in oil glands. Since acne usually appears where oil glands of the skin are overactive, it may occur on the chest and back. It is more common on the face. Treatment for all areas is the same.

Can proper cleansing of skin prevent acne?

Watch Your Diet

Yes. Here is a basic guide. Since acne is caused primarily by excessive oiliness of skin, the aim should be to keep it dry. Don't use face cream, cold cream, cleansing cream or any greasy products on your face. Don't use preparations that contain oil, grease or wax.

Wash face with a special soap suggested by your beautician. Wash your face thoroughly at least every morning and night and whenever the skin looks greasy during the day. Just don't make a fetish of washing your face hourly. You may use astringent, witch hazel, etc., during the day.

Are there any special dietary regulations to follow with acne?

Avoid chocolates, ice-cream, cakes, nuts, sodas, cocoa. You can have soft drinks but not cola.

Seafood like shrimp, lobster and crab should be avoided because they have a high iodine content. Fish can be taken.

Iodized salt, certain cough preparations and tonics which contain iodine must be avoided.

Greasy foods, fried foods, ham, pork or bacon should not be taken. Whenever possible eat foods roasted, broiled or boiled — not fried. Also avoid nuts.

Spicy foods are out. Limit as much as possible the use of spicy sauces, chillis, spicy or smoked meats.

Shahnaz Husain

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CRISP CRUNCHY COOL

Premila Lal

Crisp, crunchy salads are a boon during the summer, served either for lunch or dinner, or as a tempting dessert. Be adventurous with salads and the dressings because there is a surprising variety of fresh vegetables and fruits that are available in the market.
Combine them with mayonnaise, a cooked dressing or whipped cream dressing over fresh fruits. Vary them according to individual tastes and ingredients — you can make a masterpiece from them!

CHEESE STUFFED PINEAPPLE

- 1 large, ripe pineapple
- 300 grams paneer
- ½ cup cheese, grated
- ½ tsp. dry mustard
- ½ tsp. salt
- 2 tbsps. finely minced capsicum
- ½ tsp. fresh ground pepper
- 1 tbsp. rum or brandy

Slice off the top of the pineapple and keep aside. Scoop out the fruit and cut into small cubes or mince. Cream the cheese in a

bowl then mix in all the ingredients one at a time leaving the pineapple for the last. Put the mixture back into the pineapple, shell, cover with top and serve.

HAWIIAN SALAD

1 large fresh pineapple
1 tin fruit cocktail
200 grams seedless grapes
1 capsicum, finely chopped
2 stalks celery, finely chopped
2 small packets cottage cheese
Juice of one lemon
1 dstsp. sugar
1 packet gelatine
6 disps. fruit syrup
Salt and pepper to taste
2 tbsps. mayonnaise

Cut the fresh pineapple into two vertical halves. Scoop the pineapple from the shell and leave the shell in the refrigerator. Open the fruit cocktail tin and separate the fruits from the syrup. Add the fresh pineapple to the syrup and stew for a few minutes. When cool, add the tinned fruits, grapes, capsicum, celery, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Mash the cottage cheese and add mayonnaise, sugar and lemon juice. Melt the gelatine in the remaining fruit syrup, and cool over ice. Now add the fruit mixture to the cottage cheese mixture and lastly fold in the gelatine. Fill the above mixture in the pineapple halves, put in the refrigerator to set for six to eight hours. Decorate and serve.

BORSCH JELLIED SALAD

360 grams consomme
90 grams lemon flavoured gelatine
180 grams drained cooked beets
1½ tbsp. vinegar
240 grams cabbage, finely shredded
1 tbsp. onion, grated
1 tsp. salt
Dash of pepper
Lettuce
Sour cream dressing
Water

Heat consomme and enough water to make two cups liquid, then pour this liquid over gelatine and stir till gelatine dissolves. Add vinegar and chilli until syrupy. Stir in beets, onion, cabbage, salt and pepper into chilled gelatine then pour the mixture into a square pan and chill until firm. Shred lettuce, unmould salad and garnish with sour cream.

FRUITY CHEESE SALAD

250 grams cottage cheese
1 tbsp. raisins
2 tbsps. walnuts, chopped
4 slices oranges
1 head of lettuce, washed
6 radishes, cut into rosettes
2 carrots, finely grated
Juice of 1 lemon

Beat the cheese till smooth. Place the raisins in a little boiling water for a few minutes in order to soften them. Drain. Combine the cooled raisins and the beaten cheese. Arrange the lettuce on a dish. Spoon a portion of the cheese and raisin mixture in the centre. Combine the grated carrot with the lemon juice and leave for 10 minutes. When soaked, sprinkle the grated carrot over the cheese. Garnish with radish rosettes, orange slices and sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

RED BEAN SALAD

500 grams red beans
2 bunches spring onions
1 capsicum
1 tbsp. olives, chopped
2 large red tomatoes
½ cup mayonnaise
½ cup French dressing
1 tbsp. coriander, chopped
Salt and pepper
½ tsp. red chilli powder

Cook the beans in enough water till tender. Drain well and keep to cool. Slice the onions very finely and chop the capsicum. Cut the tomatoes into thin wedges. Blend the mayonnaise and salad dressing. Put the beans in a bowl and mix in the onions, capsicum, coriander, olives seasoning and dressing. Chill for two to three hours. Serve in a scooped cabbage with lettuce leaves.

GLOSSARY OF TERMS

MARATHI — 2

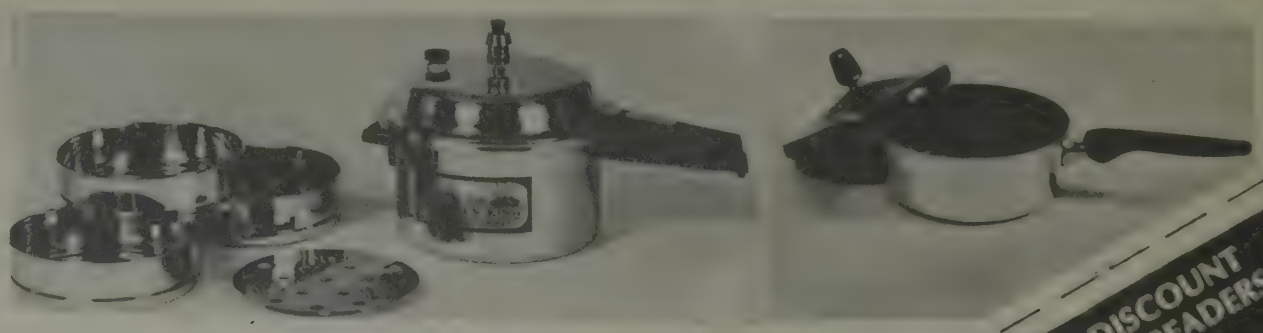
In response to request from readers, we now give you every fortnight, equivalent terms in various languages, to clip and keep for your record.

SPICES, CONDIMENTS & NUTS

Aniseeds	Badishep
Asafoetida	Hing
Dry Ginger	Sunth
Mustard Seeds	Mohri
Nutmeg	Jayphal
Poppy seeds	Khush-khush
Pomegranate	Dalimb
Cardamoms	Velchi
Cinnamon	Dalchini
Cloves	Lavang
Cummin seeds	Jire
Bay leaves	Tamal Patra
Fenugreek seeds	Methi
Mango powder	Amchur
Mace	Jaypatri
Sesame seeds	Til
Tamarind	Chinch
Saffron	Keshar
Pepper corns	Kale Mire
Onion seeds	Kalonji
Raisins	Bedane
Thymol	Owyacha Ark
Coconut	Naaral
Jaggery	Gul
Groundnuts	Bhuimoog
Peanuts	Shengdane
Almonds	Badaam
Cashewnuts	Kaju
Walnuts	Akrod
Pistachios	Pista
Sultanas	Manuka

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR MONTHLY COOKERY QUEENS
The cookery Queen of the month of May, will receive, in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00.

1) A 5.0 litre all stainless steel **KITCHEN-KING** Pressure Cooker with 3 separators from **ASHA APPLIANCES,** Bombay, 2) A cash prize of Rs. 101.00 from **WEIKFIELD,** 3) A non-stick coated Saucette from **TRUPTI INDUSTRIES,** and 4) a special gift of 2 kg. packet of fresh mushrooms or Rs. 25.00 cash prize will be awarded to the Queen and the three best recipes from **SIMPLIM FARMS,** New Delhi.



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RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. R. Bagyalakshmi, New Delhi.

KATAHAL BIRYANI

225 gram Basmati Rice
500 grams katahal (Jack fruit)
15 ml. kewara water
5 cloves
1 bay leaf
1" stick cinnamon
1 piece saffron
6 pepper corns
1 tsp. turmeric powder
1 tbsp. chilli powder
50 grams cashewnuts
30 grams melon seeds
1" piece ginger
4 flakes garlic
4 green chillis
1 sprig mint leaves
50 grams coriander leaves
100 grams onion
115 grams pure ghee
100 grams curds
100 grams milk

Pick and wash the rice. Soak in cold water for 20 minutes. Peel of the hard and thorny skin of katahal, cut into 1" cubes. Cook in salted boiling water with turmeric. Drain and keep aside. Slice the onions. Fry them golden brown. Keep aside half for garnish. Add chilli powder, ginger and garlic paste. Add the ground cashewnuts and melon seed paste to the onions. Cook for a while and add the boiled katahal and beaten curd. Simmer till it becomes dry. Keep aside. Boil 500 ml. of water, add garam masala. Add the soaked rice and salt. Cook till ¾ done Take a grease proof vessel. Add portions of katahal khorma and rice layers with mint leaves, chopped coriander and fried onions. Sprinkle on top with milk and kewara water. Cover the vessel and seal the sides. Put it in the oven or over a slow fire with live coal on top. Cook for ten minutes.

Mr. Rajam Laxman, Coimbatore.

PANEER PEVDAS

FOR THE PEVDAS :
350 grams paneer
2 tbsps. flour
2 semi ripe bananas (Kerala variety)
25 grams cashewnuts, ground
5-6 almonds, ground
3 green chillis, crushed
½ tsp. chilli powder
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
A pinch of baking soda
Salt to taste
Ghee or oil for frying
2 plantain leaves

FOR THE STUFFING:
150 grams paneer
2 large onions, chopped
½ tsp. garam masala
½ cup tomato sauce
1 tbsp. ginger garlic paste
1 tsp. chilli powder
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
1 tbsp. coriander leaves, chopped
25 grams cooking cheese
2 tsps. sugar
1 tbsp. lime juice
1 cup ghee
Salt to taste

FOR THE STUFFING:

Make small marble size balls out of the paneer. Deep fry in ghee till golden brown, strain and keep aside. In the same ghee fry the chopped onion until light brown colour. Add ginger garlic paste, turmeric, chilli powder and garam masala and fry for 2 minutes. Mix tomato sauce, coriander leaves, sugar, lime juice and salt to taste. Cook for 5 minutes more. Now add the fried paneer balls and mix well. Add the melted cheese, mix well and remove from fire. Add salt and keep aside.

FOR THE PEVDAS:

Boil the bananas with skin until soft. Remove the skin and mash the bananas with paneer and flour. Mix all the other ingredients except oil. Make larger than lemon sized balls with the mixture. Smear oil on plantain leaves or butter paper and flatten each ball. Put one table spoonful of the prepared mixture for filling in each on one side and bring the other side to cover the filling. Heat ghee and slip each pevdas into it and fry until golden brown. Serve hot with sweet chutney or sauce.

WEEKLY WINNER

LEENA SEQUEIRA, Mangalore.

Mrs. Sequeira wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 1000 ml. coconut oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin.

SORAK KHEER

1 coconut
150 grams gram dal
¼ kg rice
1 small sorak (green pumpkin) cut into small pieces
½ tsp. cardamom powder
½ kg jaggery
2-3 tbsps. ghee
2 tbsps. raisins

Soak the rice in water for one hour. Drain and grind. Add salt to taste. When this forms into a thick paste, remove and make small marble size balls and keep aside. Grate the coconut, grind and extract the milk. Heat the milk. Add gram dal. When it is nearly cooked, add the sorak pieces and cook till tender. Add jaggery, ghee, raisins, cardamom powder and the rice marbles. Simmer for about 10 minutes. Remove from the fire. Allow to cool and serve.

COOKERY CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

New Scheme for the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

All cookery contestants for the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest will have to send in their recipes — non-vegetarian or vegetarian according to the subjects specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

July, 1979
TEA-TIME SNACKS

August, 1979
CUTLETS AND KABABS

September, 1979
CORN RECIPES

All entries for July should reach us by June 5, August entries by July 5, and September entries by August 5.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

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SABARIMALA: A FORBIDDEN PILGRIMAGE

THE PILGRIMAGE TO THE FAMED SABARIMALA TEMPLE IS FORBIDDEN TO WOMEN BETWEEN THE AGES OF PUBERTY AND MENOPAUSE. IS THE RESTRICTION JUSTIFIED?

Aleykutty

The sacred 18 steps. Only those who have observed the 41-day vratha and carry the "irumudi" can tread these steps.

Sabarimala is one of the most important pilgrim centres of India. It is situated in the Pattanamthitta Taluk of Kottayam district in Kerala. Year after year the devotees of Bhagavan Ayyappa are increasing in number and now it is a common sight to see at least one member from every Hindu family of the South preparing to go to Sabarimala. Ayyappa is the god of Keralites because, according to legend, he played his human drama in Kerala.

Women, except small children and very old women, are not allowed to visit Sabarimala. But it was observed by the Travancore Devaswom Board that many women in the forbidden age group had undertaken the pilgrimage to the Sabarimala temple during the Mandala Pooja festival disregarding the restrictions. The Devaswom Board has decided to enforce this restriction strictly. It was therefore notified in all the leading papers by the Devaswom Board recently that if women aged between 10 and 50 undertook the pilgrimage to Sabarimala, the Devaswom Board would send them back without allowing them to proceed to Sabarimala.

According to the Devaswom Board, this restriction has been imposed in consonance with the customs and usages of the Sabarimala temple. So, to keep up the holiness of Sabarimala the Board has given instructions to police officers to implement the strict observation of this restriction with the cooperation of the Ayyappa devotees.

This decision of the Devaswom Board to seek police help to keep women devotees away from Sabarimala, the abode of Ayyappa, is nothing but the height of male chauvinism still dominant in Kerala, where female literacy is the highest. This stand of the Devaswom Board denying women the right to worship goes against all norms: legal, religious and humanitarian. However, it is clear from the responses of a cross-section that I talked to for the purposes of this report, that people are divided in their opinion on this issue.

According to V. M. Korath, asistant editor of the "Mathrubhumy", and also vice-president of the Kerala Temple Protection Council, the decision of the Devaswom board is not an injustice to women. He pleaded as a religious Hindu and devotee of Lord Ayyappa, who has made the pilgrimage to the temple a number of times, that Lord Ayyappa is brahmachari. As a rule, the devotees who visit Sabarimala, observe strict "vratha" for a period of 41 days called the "mandala". They have to lead a pure and austere life to purify their mind and body. They must observe brahmacharya. In Hindu families the menstruation period of women is considered as unholy and during this period, women do not go to the temple or attend any religious functions. So, he said, it is evident that women canot practice the 41 days Vratha. Moreover, the presence of youthful women in the vicinity would disturb the attention of the devotees and spoil the holy atmosphere. So he finds

An old lady has the "irumudi" hoisted on her head at the start of the difficult pilgrimage.

Photographs Courtesy: K. R. Vaidyanathan

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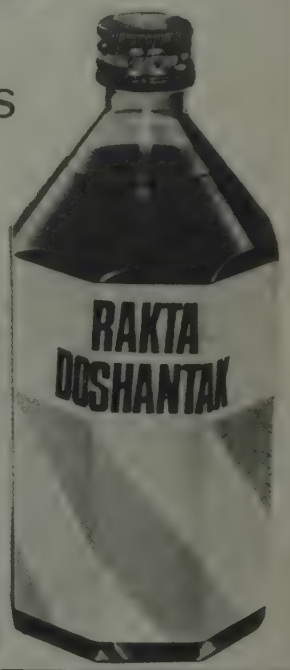

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the practice in Sabarimala regarding women justifiable.

His defence was vehemently opposed by Miss Hema, an Arts Colege lecturer. According to her, it is a crying shame that Kerala's special god, Ayyappa, cannot be approached by women. What is so unholy about menstruation? It is a physical function like urinating. She maintained that this unholiness is something perpetuated by men to keep women down, to make them impure, unclean, inferior. In fact, she feels that women must stop believing that praying is sinful during menstruation. In olden days women did not go to Sabarimala because of the wilderness of the route. At present the enviornment there has changed entirely. And today when women climb Mount Everest she thinks women can certainly walk the 3½ miles from Pumpa to Sabarimala temple. It is for women to decide what is beyond them.. The Devaswom Board comprises a set of men who refuse to accept the changes that have occurred in the modern world, and who are anachronistic in this age, says Hema.

Chandrika is a journalist who has an academic interest in temples. If God is universal, what applies to other temples must apply to Sabarimala. There are three other famous Ayyappa temples under the Travancore Devaswom Board in Aryankave, Archankol and Kulathupuzha. Here, too, until a couple of years ago, women were completely forbidden to enter irrespective of age. The Devaswom Board removed the restriction in 1976. Now only Sabarimala refuses to remove the ban on women.

Kanchy is a home science student — why should women be punished for man's weakness, she asked. Youthful women want to go to Sabarimala to worship, not to seduce, she pointed out. It is not their fault if men have no control over themselves and cannot concentrate on worship. Women do not get distracted by men during worship. The holy atmosphere is spoiled (if at all) not by the presence of women but by the weakness of men. Ayyappa was a brahmachari but he had never objected to seeing women devotees.

ABOVE: Pilgrims go round the garbha gudi of the Sabarimala temple with the "irumudi" on their heads.

LEFT: The pilgrimage not only calls for a great deal of austerity but it is also a formidable trek through difficult terrain, though that need not be a deterrent to women.

Young women who consider themselves liberated and equal to men in all walks of life, view this ban as discrimination against them in religious matters.

Rema is a law graduate. According to her, the police cannot implement the strict observation of this restriction as it is against the right to freedom of religion and worship guaranteed by our Constitution. According to Rema, this ban is violative of Article 18 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights of the United Nations, which guarantees freedom of worship to every human being regardless of sex, race and nationality. So, she feels the Devaswom Board must reconsider this restriction.

IN DEFENCE OF THE BAN

K. R. Vaidyanathan

There are five important temples dedicated to Dharma Sasta along the hilly tracts of the Western Ghats in Kerala, founded by the legendary Parasurama. The deity in these temples represents the different stages of life — that is, as "balaka" or child at Kulathupuzha, as a brahmachari at Aryankavu, as a "grahastha" or householder with his two consorts, Poorna and Pushkala at Achankoil, as "vanaprastha" at Sabarimala and as the highest yogi at the invisible Ponnambalamedu (the hill of the golden temple which is yet to be located).

The Dharma Sasta at Sabarimala alone has the additional halo of Ayyappa, who, after fulfilling the purpose of his avatara on earth, merged with the deity here. Thus, though Dharma Sasta and Ayyappa have become synonymous, there is only one Ayyappa and that is at Sabarimala. Hence this is considered the most important of the Dharma Sasta temples in Kerala.

And here, as vanaprastha, the Lord relinquished worldly responsibilities and retired to the wods to lead an ascetic's life. Since he is depicted here as an avowed celibate, young women are not permitted in his presence. This then is the distinguishing feature of this temple as

compared to other temples not only of Dharma Sasta (which strictly means One who upholds Dharma or righteousness) but of any other deity.

It is not that women are totally denied darshan here; little girls and aged women who have attained menopause are allowed. The restriction applies to only adolescent girls and young women who still have monthly periods. In fact, the Lord has nothing against women and at Sabarimala itself there is a shrine for Malikappurathamma, the mother goddess, who is also venerated by the devotees.

A unique feature of the pilgrimage to Sabari hill is the physical and mental cleansing of the devotees by the hard penance (vratha) they have to observe for at least 41 days preceding the holy trek. Apart from strict regimen and observance of celibacy, the stress is on austerity of body, austerity of speech and austerity of mind as defined in the Gita.

Austerity of the body constitutes "worship rendered to the gods, to the twice-born, to the teacher and to the wise, purity, uprightness, continence and non-violence". The official (and outdated) view is that women during menses certainly cannot worship the Gods and maintain bodily purity as defined above and thus they cannot observe the "vratha" strictly.

Since observance of "vratha" and carrying of "irumudi" — a two compartment cloth bag containing offerings to the deity — on the head, are the two preconditions for climbing the patinettampadi or eighteen steps and having the darshan of the Lord, women who get periods cannot fulfil the first condition and quality for worship, according to the authorities.

In days of yore, the pilgrimage to Sabarimala was arduous and hazardous as the trek involved crossing of three formidable mountains infested with wild animals. It took several days for the trek and only rigid observance of the 41-day "vratha" provided the stamina to withstand the rigours of the trek. Thus both the practice of long penance and the strenuous trek were unthinkable for women in the old days.

Nowadays the pilgrimage is no doubt rendered much easier because of the vehicular transport available up to the Pampa river from where only one mountain has to be crossed. Indeed, one can even complete the pilgrimage almost in one day, thanks to this short cut. But this does not alter the fact that severe austerities have still to be observed for 41 days and that the sacred route still remains the traditional route across the three mountains from Erumeli. One derives full benefits from the pilgrimage only by undertaking it after the prescribed austerites and traversing the traditional route, which young women supposedly cannot do.

Indeed, modern women undertake many ardous tasks as well as men do, even climb the Everest, but it is believed that during menstruation they do undergo physical and emotional disturbances and even suffer pains. They are therefore advised complete rest and to enable them to do this, they are traditionally kept in isolation. (Ed Note: As everyone knows this consideration of complete rest during menstruation is not extended to women today and this argument therefore loses its validity.)

CORRECTION

The article, "When will adults grow up and understand children?", in our issue dated May 5, 1979, is by Feruzi Anjirbag and not Sigrun Srivastava. The error in the byline is regretted.

BY BUS IN JERUSALEM

TRAVELLING BY BUS IN JERUSALEM IS EXHILARATING, BUT IT CAN BE HAZARDOUS, TOO

The gleaming blue and white buses plying the broad streets of Jerusalem belong to 'Egged', the cooperative bus company of Israel. Egged drivers (there are no bus conductors, drivers perform both functions) receive fabulous pay packets, and many of them own the buses. This may be one of the reasons, in addition to their hard work, that they are so swollen headed. It is true that the buses are luxurious in keeping with the standard every Jew tries to maintain. But it is equally true that simple courtesy is alien to bus drivers and to the public one meets in the bus.

It was in bitterly cold winter that we reached Jerusalem. The wind blows unhindered for miles, apartments being far apart, and is aided and abetted by icy rain. and rarely, snow. Can you imagine standing at a bus stop in such weather? Well, I did several times, peering through mist and rain for an Egged. From behind hills the bus swerves forward, the hum of a forty m.p.h. speed accompanying it, and finally screeches to a halt. At the peak hours the crowd at the bus stops swells rapidly and each person is in an overcoat, cap and woollen gloves. Some carry umbrellas, all have bulging bags or briefcases. No queue system is followed except at busy shopping centres. where the big mobile human mass surges forward to the bus entrance. The driver presses a button, the doors are flung open automatically and we march in to get our tickets punched (if we have taken a card containing twenty bus rides) or to purchase one.

Most Jews observe the "shovaceous cult" — shove who or whatever is in front of you, and often I have found my bag flying away from me or umbrella spokes dancing dangerously before my eyes. Woe to you if you are travelling with cumbersome packages. Once I had my cabbages and tomatoes vying with each other on the floor to reach the exit.

Women there smoke as much or more than men and with the windows closed in winter, all emerge like sardines well smoked. No one dare tell anybody not to smoke; one knows better than that in Israel. The result would be a spewing forth of Hebrew invectives. As it is, ever mild language in Hebrew sounds severe and stern like the simple word "goodbye" is "lihitraot".

The speed of driving is curbed only by street lights which are mercifully placed every few furlongs. The drivers have a habit of slamming the brakes and the passengers are subjected to an agonising period of doing the latest dance steps and balancing themselves at the same time. At least in India if one suddenly finds oneself in a gentleman's lap, he feels either amused or privileged. But in Israel he would glare at you in shocked silence or say "Cumi" which means "Arise". This is because a woman in Israel is accepted as being as sturdy as man.

Once, on a narrow street, the driver rashly maneouvred the bus over the sidewalk. The bus was precariously inclined and many old ladies who slid off their seats must have had memories of the bad times during the war. It was fortunate that there was no pedestrian on the site. A street vendor a few yards away threw up his hands, the commonest gesture of the Israelis and exclaimed "Avn davar" meaning "Never mind", a favourite expression of Israelis.

The exit of the bus is at the rear and once again the doors close and open when the driver presses a button. Sometimes he can barely see properly in the overhead mirror how many are getting off, when the buses are packed and he presses the button indiscriminately. There have been instances of people getting jammed in between the doors!

Once a driver was amazed that on repeated pressing of the button the doors refused to close. He got up to investigate, looked over the several heads and found a flustered buxom woman at the exit, her baby in a carrier, manipulating several heavy bags, the doors barely having place to close.

It was always an experience to travel, there was something remarkable about every journey, but believe me, despite all these hazards, we were at such a loss whenever Egged went off the roads, which happened on Saturday's and the annual Feast days

Susy Aya Ram

SHARMILA TAGORE:

"Marriage Is Forever"

Vivek Swaroop

The trial was over. The accused were Sharmila Tagore and Uttam Kumar in the court room scene of Bhimsain's "Dooriyan". Crime: negligence of the child owing to separation of wife and husband. They were ordered to try reconciliation.

When, later. I called at her residence, Sharmila said "In "Dooriyan" I have played the role of a modern woman like myself. She is also an actress like me, and a good one too, plus she had agreed to marry the man only on condition that she will not give up her acting career nor change her maiden name — like me again — a woman who is self-confident and one who has a strong desire to retain the status of an individual and not merely be a housewife after marriage.

"But there is an important difference between me and the woman whose role I play. In my case I not only want to retain my individuality, but also want "a happy married life."

Yes, Sharmila knows how to have her way without creating domestic discord.

"I always wanted to be the Indian woman in my relationship with Tiger. My objective in life is not to allow my ego to come in the way of my marriage. And he appreciates it. It is this mutual appreciation of each other's individuality that has kept our married life so happy and fulfilling."

Apparently Sharmila feels deeply about marriage because she continued on this topic further.

"You see, it is not being modern, or pride in one's individuality, or economic independence that tend to break up marriages. It is the refusal to adjust, the tendency to allow one's ego to ride rough shod over the other's, husband's or wife's, personality, the arrogant assumption that all the adjustment must come from the other party. This is so stupid because adjustment does not diminish one's individuality. On the other hand, a successful marriage adds to it, enriches it."

Yes, in her case it has certainly added to the lustre of her life, heightened her feeling of fulfilment. But then she is the type who refuses to accept failure in anything she undertakes. That is why she is against divorce.

"Marriage to me is forever," she continued. "Else why marry at all? Marriage is to meet your need for a permanent relationship, for stability. If you want something less permanent, why go through marriage?"

None will accuse Sharmila Tagore of being old fashioned, tradition bound, timid, economically insecure. Yet, her attitude would suit any middle class housewife of the old school. Why?

"Because it's still a man's world," she said. Women may have made a little headway, and that too only in our cities, but the changes are superficial, peripheral and confined to a few. Yes, life is changing, and change is inevitable. That is why adjustment is more necessary now than it was in grandmother's days. And the wise who want their marriage to last, do it.

"And that brings me back to divorce again. The real victims of divorce are the children. A broken home means ruined children. And men are bound to enter a lonely woman's life. This can be a traumatic experience for the children. No, I think once a woman is married, it is her duty to keep that marriage going."

Just then her son Saif rushed in and asked, "Mummy, can I go down to play?"

"All right, you may, but be careful, don't go outside."

"He feels so lonely, poor boy, but then that's the penalty of city life. That's why I take them so often to Bhopal, to their grandmother's house."

Yes, Sharmila Tagore is not merely a successful actress, she's a concerned wife and mother, too.

And she's pulled a big surprise in the industry. She's got her new born daughter, Soha, to play her screen daughter's role in "Dooriyan".

And she will now add another facet to her personality. She broke the news casually. "I've been offered a sub-editors's job and the salary offered is good, but I haven't come to a decision about it."

Well, if she does accept the offer, there will be another couple in the same profession, as her husband is Editor of a sports journal.

Talking to her, you realise you are in the presence of a complete woman — modern, yet with great respect for tradition, a famous star, yet a good wife and mother who will never neglect her home for either her career or her personal whims, successful and rich, yet balanced and sober, open to modern influences but careful not to allow her value system to fall into disarray.

Photographs: D. L. Oberoi

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WHY A CLEAVAGE TO SELL CIGARETTES?

Lynda Hurst

WOMEN HAVE BEGUN TO REBEL AGAINST THEIR USE AS SEX OBJECTS IN ADVERTISING

They were never names in the news, but what, pray tell, ever happened to: that big satiny blonde who exhorted us to "take it off, take it all-l-l-l off"; or the chunky, bedraggled soul who'd been a good cook all her life as mother said, only to find the payoff was a dirty oven; and the bright light who informed us that since his wife had perked up with Geritol, he'd decided to well, uh, keep her. . .?

They are casualties in the war against moronic depictions of women in advertising. That battle, of course, has not been won but the push to upgrade women's image has made headway faster than many critics envisioned.

Only two years ago the Ontario Status of Women Council roasted advertisers for portraying half the human population as recipients of frontal lobotomies. Its report, "About Face: Towards a Positive Image of Women in Advertising", documented the resentment many women felt at being shown as mindless, dirt-obsessed, and phlegmatic.

Are women so childlike, it asked, that they can't feed the dog or buy a garbage bag without a man's help? Is sex such a big part of selling that a woman's cleavage is needed to tout cigarettes? Why not, it suggested, picture a man with his fly open to boost female smoking?

Since the release of that report, former council head Laura Sabia says, Canadian advertising has improved enormously. Coming from Ms. Sabia, once a devastating critic of the great art of hustling, that is high praise indeed.

This creeping reality is somewhat offset by the ads that still cling to traditional sales pitches. Mom may be taking her Ph.D. or chasing down a story in her new role as a reporter; dad may be vacuuming the carpet in a frantic search for dirt; but razors are still being sold in the old sexist way. Though we've gone from taking it all off to being "stroked in the morning". One difference, small but important, is that some men in the advertising business are starting to object to that kind of promotion.

Some research shows that so-called sexist advertising doesn't alienate or bother as many women as had been thought. In a just-released study of 104 women, ages eighteen to twenty-one, two University of Connecticut researchers found that reactions to stereotypic ads varied little despite respondents' views on women's liberation. Ads portraying women as sex objects and women in the traditional mother role brought criticism from only 30 per cent of the test group. Another 30 per cent approved of the ads and 40 per cent were neutral in reaction. The university's conclusion? Heeding the cries by feminists to upgrade the image of women in advertising would be catering to a "small group of moderns" — not the larger group of consumers.

Semantics sometimes gets in the way. A recent Air Canada ad in its magazine **En Route** describes how well the airline "looks after businessmen". When it was brought to the attention of advertising manager George Theriault, he admitted the line was a slipup, ignoring as it did the many businesswomen who also fly. "We just didn't catch it. That ad was produced in hurried circumstances. In any case, we get into semantic problems. When you neutralize gender, you create odd words."

Tony Pengelly, Chairman of the Canadian Advertising Advisory Board (CAAB), cites a recently released CAAB task force report as evidence of advertisers' interest (if not outright commitment) in modernizing the image of women. The report said that "liberated" commercials got better response than traditional ads among the 144 Peterborough women tested during the study. For example, a commercial showing a mother preparing to go to work and the whole family helping to get breakfast scored considerably higher than one depicting a fulltime housewife preparing the meal before everyone else left.

The report also advised that because more than 46 per cent of Canadian women are now in the labour force full-time a huge audience would be missed if advertisers persisted in aiming mainly at the woman in the home. It warned, too, against stereotyping women who work: occupational choices for women have widened considerably in the past decade and to depict women only as nurses, models, secretaries, and teachers is to ignore a large market.

Other recommendations were:

— Ads depicting women in the home should drop the "sweet but ineffectual helpmate" image and recognize that running a household requires planning and coordination.

— Personal care products should be "directed at a woman's feeling for self-enhancement rather than undermining her self-esteem or emphasizing the man's approach."

— Ads should portray people with a healthy, not hysterical, interest in keeping their homes clean and themselves and their families well fed.

"Stereotypes," the report concluded, "are probably an inevitable component of mass communication, but when they provoke a sense of frustration or outrage rather than a sense of indentification they are worthless." Advertisers agree there are two ways to bring about change: peer pressure among advertising people and complaints from consumers. "People would be surprised at the effect of a few complaining letters," Tony Pengelly says. "I write them myself so I know. One bit of advice: always address them to the president of the company."

Evelyn Crandall, Associate Director of the Advertising Standards Council, says it received 476 complaints from consumers last year. Fewer than 10 per cent criticized female exploitation. "Most of our complaints deal with personal hygiene products," she says. "It's not so much how they are handled but that advertising is allowed in this area at all. The problem is that banning ads for this type of product is censorship."

Though many colleagues may pat one another on the back, Judy Sampson, creative director of Ogilvie and Mather (Canada) Ltd., thinks most of them are paying only lip service to the new attitudes. "I'm still insulted by a lot of ads. Too many still show women pandering to men."

Ms. Sampson is quick, however, to temper her criticism. "We have to be careful not to go to extremes. We are sexual creatures after all. I think a sense of humour goes a long way toward evening things out."

Lynda Hurst is a staff writer for the Toronto "Star"

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THEIR GODS AND HOPES

Faded pink shorts, a shirt with two buttons and a cheeky grin — **Ratilal Babu Patel** is least concerned about his age. "Twelve or thirteen, how should I know?" He left his village two years ago, looking for employment. His father works as a billiards marker in a city club. "But every weekend he lies in some corner, drunk," explains the son tersely.

A cycle accident cost Ratilal his first job. Today he works in the home of an elderly couple.

Ratilal is an artist. Birds, landscapes, human figures — he seems to have magic in his fingers. No, he was never taught to draw. He left school three years ago. Yes, yes he'd love to go back. But how is he to find a school in a strange city? "People do not listen to children, anyway," he states.

Children who should be in schools and on playing fields are put to work in homes, a source of cheap labour for the well-to-do and of an extra income to their parents

So he continues his present work. "I must eat twice a day." Although in the past, he has been given curry and dal, thinned down with water. "They say 'Don't fuss. What feasts were you getting in your zopadpatti that you make demands here.' We don't live in a zopadpatti at home," he says in a sombre tone.

What about his future? "What future? You think my father will ever give up drinking?"

Balu has been working since he was seven. The only man in a family of three women — his mother and two sisters. "We found the girls good homes, nicely settled." Brisk and matter of fact, like Ratilal, he is a scarred veteran of many battles.

The large pink patch on his foot came from his first job — he was burnt while working in an essence factory. He was earning Rs. 60. But the factory had to close down and the owner took him to work in his home. "He paid me Rs. 25. I left within a month." He worked with a family that offered to feed him, but not pay. "I left — what do you expect?"

In his next job, he had to look after three children — "all much younger than me," he sneered. (He must have been eleven.) 'It was too much responsibility. While crossing the road, if something happens to one of them, my reputation goes," he said, wagging his head. Two jobs later, he found this present one. He is earning Rs. 45.

He does not understand what 'leave' means. "Young children do not get leave." He is not allowed to visit his mother. When she comes to see him, they speak for a few minutes outside the door. "When I last saw her, she had a cut on her hand. It was swollen. But she still works," he worried. His own arm is burnt — "got stuck to the milk pan," he says nonchalantly.

School? He has never been inside one. Would he go to night school? "How am I to find one?" All this school business is silly anyway. No one would give him leave.

What will he do when he grows up? Work, of course. What work? This sort, of course. After a moment, the mask drops and he says — "Nothing else is possible."

His employer says he has a violent temper. Otherwise she has nothing to complain of — he is a hard worker. "I let him sleep for two hours in the afternoon — he is only 14."

Mahesh is a complete contrast. He hardly opens his mouth. Slim and fair, he wears a cowed look and stands twisting his fingers before his employer. A grey-haired woman, she answers all his questions for him with an occasional admonishment at Mahesh. "His uncle is working in our office and brought him here. I don't know where he comes from — probably some village near Lucknow. Seems to come from a decent lot. Brothers and sisters? I don't know, I haven't asked. My elder daughter makes him do some writing when she has time — he is very fond of reading and all that," she says half-severely. "Yes, yes I give him food. He works from 7 to 10. Sometimes we let him go out with his uncle. Does he like

DIE YOUNG

Shahnaz Anklesaria

it here? Mahesh, answer, say 'Ji, I like Bombay'." No reply. "What will he be when he grows up — what does he know about what he wants?" she asks.

Ratilal, Balu, Mahesh — the list of children working as servants is inexhaustible. Shankardas Wadha, secretary of the Gharelu Kamgar Sangh, claims that about 15 per cent of the domestic labour in the city is children. This organization is the only domestic servants' union in the city. "The law against child labour operates only for industrial labour. The government is not willing to recognize these children as workers," he states.

They are servants, and a servant in India has absolutely no rights. All that the Sangh has won from the Maharashtra government is a declaration in the official Gazette of August 15, 1972, that wages of domestic servants are to be increased from 25 to 50 per cent; they are to be given two holidays in the year on Purnima and Amavasya; 21 days' leave for a year's service, with one month's pay as gratuity; medical aid when sick; use of the lift.

Older people can use their wits and claim at least a portion of these Gazette statements. "A child is employed because he is too young and timid to question any orders," Wadhwa says angrily. "He can and has been asked to leave at the slightest pretext. There have been cases of servants being thrown out for breaking china. He is not allowed to eat the same food as his employer. He is doled out substandard rice or wheat. For 14 hours of work, these children are paid anything from Rs. 25 to Rs. 60. They get no leave. Each evening the dog is taken for a walk, but the child servant does not deserve it."

People have a garage for their cars but how many buildings have even one room with a toilet for all the servants of the different flats, he asks. "I want to see domestic labour of this sort decrease in the country," declares Wadhwa.

With unemployment and poverty of the kind that exists in this country, children will have to continue working as domestic servants. Without legislation to protect them, everything depends on the goodwill of the employer. And an employer who has some concern for these children that are thrust into such strange surroundings, can bring drastic changes into their lives.

Shankar (he thinks he is 18) works for a doctor and his family. The doctor insisted Shankar learn driving, paid for his driving lessons and gave him his car to practise on. He opened a bank account for Shankar and offered to put in Rs. 10 each month if Shankar saved some money and banked it. Today Shankar knows how to operate this account. He has a fixed deposit of Rs. 500. The doctor's wife has started a Janata Insurance policy for him by paying a yearly premium of Rs. 12. "Little things like this have cost us nothing — but it all adds up to so much for him," she says.

Shankar tells you he feels as though he is living in his own home. There are three young sons in the family. Fours years ago, when he first came here, Shankar and the eldest son quarrelled. The mother arrived home, to find her son sulking and Shankar in tears, packing. Explanations followed. Shankar's employer went to him and said, "I thought you knew that after you came here, we had four sons, not three. If one of your brothers fights with you and tells you to leave home will you walk out of your house?" She next scolded her eldest son for treating a child whose parents were not around, so harshly.

Today these two boys are special friends. The son is away in Pune and Shankar signs his birthday card in Telegu. In no way is he made to feel a 'servant'. He eats what the other boys eat, and is given the same gift as the other three get when the parents come back from a holiday, and Shankar treats the younger ones with the same brusque affection as he would his own brothers.

"They trust me here," he says. "Earlier I was working in a home for three years but whenever I would go into a room to clean it, someone would follow me. I was never allowed to go anywhere alone. Some days, I would eat a little more, because sometimes you feel more hungry than on other days. Then those people would demand explanations."

A primary school teacher, who has adopted a little urchin girl who lost her parents in a fair and was forced to beg, is convinced that these children must be taught something. "If these children are educated, and taught a trade, their whole lives will change. They will become responsible people with a future they can look forward to. Let us help them find a better way of existing."

Do you have a child servant? If you do, does he matter to you as a growing individual?

Not all of us can challenge the sort of 'system' that catapults such children into harsh adulthood. But need we do our bit to perpetuate inhumanity? At present, the routine of constant, daily labour has not dulled their wits, but it has left these children quite resigned. The present will continue to be their future. They have come to accept as a fact that much of what they see others of their own age enjoy is not for them. But if two ways of living continue — one in which a man sleeps, eats and lives in luxury and another where a child sleeps on the floor and works around the clock — unrest will inevitably grow. Will we wait for it to overwhelm us?

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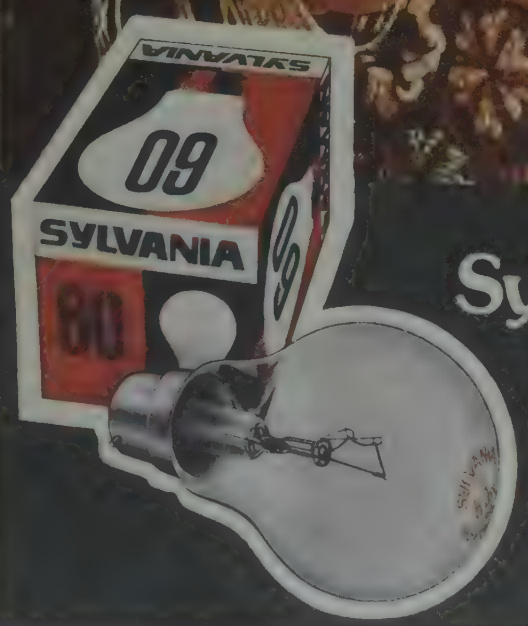

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SYLVANIA

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HI YA HONEY!

By an Alves called Johnnie

Most people's favourite drink is the next one

I have been a one-drink man all my life and proud of it. The other day I took three and what a changed man I was! For a few hours after that I was the man of the house. Whatever I said went. My new-found strength was a revelation to me. For the first time in 30 years of married life, I had the courage to tell her to shut up. She was as surprised as the Shah was when he was asked to quit, but she did meekly shut up. At parties, normally during my only drink I nurse all evening, I used to steal glances at past flames and even manage a wink when the coast was clear. But that night, even Blue Beard would have admired my guts. With a half-filled glass in my shaking right hand and the left firmly round Esmeralda's waist, I went up to my wife and said, "This is how a female should be built." Not a word was said, but if looks could kill, the undertaker would be on his way.

Alcoholic strength, as most of my friends know, lasts for not more than a few hours. When I woke up the next morning, it was apparent that I was number two again. I would have been number six, if the children were at home.

Alcohol is known as the mixture that eases inhibitions. It gives courage that gets the boss told off, and it is also the salve of small defeats. I am not one who is particularly fond of drinks, but there is nothing more likely to get me drinking than temperance people telling me not to.

It does not need more than rabbit commonsense for one to realize that excessive drinking was not meant for man. Everybody realizes it's bad for one's health, just as everyone knows that a kiss transmits a million germs. But the man who tells me to retrain from kissing my favourite girlfriend runs the terrible risk of being beaten to death.

Man is funny that way. He is clever enough to realise that infected water will give him hepatitis. He keeps away from it. But if he loses his health, his job, even his wife after 15 years of continuous drinking, he is unable to put two and two together and come up with anything near four. Even in his sober moments.

Some friends of mine drink continuously because it permits them to do things they would never attempt when sober. Like my friend Fred. Mild and softspoken when sober, but frightfully outspoken when loaded. Asked after three drinks what he thought of his wife, he steadied himself and said in her presence, "When my wife goes to the waterfront, even the tug boats stop whistling."

I believe that drinking is a very personal thing and it should be left to oneself to decide whether one should take one more or stop at three. I know people who get very indignant when told that they have had too much to drink, particularly when they can't stand up to dispute it.

The tragedy of excessive drinking is that the man does not realise how harmful it is until it's too late. My friend Leslie for instance, has been warned that alcohol is a slow poison, but he says he does not mind it — he is in no hurry.

Well honey, let's drink a toast for the man who knows his liquor and his limit as well. He is after my heart. I will stick to one drink even if I am to continue as a henpecked coward, because I do not want to be as silly as the man who was brought before the judge, and when the judge said, "It's alcohol, and alcohol alone that's responsible for your condition", replied with a smile, "You've made me a very happy man, judge. My wife keeps telling me that it's all my fault."

Until next time then.

WIN MORE MONEY

AS MUCH AS RS. 200 TO BE WON!

In order to give quiz enthusiasts a longer span of time in which to send in their entries, the Eve's Weekly Quiz Contest will be a monthly feature in the last issue of every month, starting with the next issue, dated May 26, 1979.
The prize money has been increased to Rs. 200.
If there is more than one all-correct entry, this will be divided equally among all the winners.
On the other hand, when there is no all-correct entry, the amount will be carried over — to make an astounding prize of Rs. 400 and perhaps even Rs. 600! (But we hope there will always be an all-correct entry!)

ANSWERS TO EVE'S WEEKLY QUIZ CONTEST 23

1. Photo Electric Effect (The Theory of how & why special metals emit electrons when light falls on their surfaces).
2. Maqbool FIDA HUSAIN
3. Blue (sometimes with white square in the centre)
4. Indian Air Lines
5. Radar
6. February 28th 1979
7. Brajesh Mishra
8. Ruskin Bond's "A flight of pigeons"
9. Anjali Merh
10. Brussels
11. China
12. France

Miss Vineeta Mathur of Delhi, and Mr. V. H. S. Sarkar of Mhow, who sent in all-correct solutions share the first prize of Rs. 100 (the prize money of Quiz No. 22 was held over as no correct solution was received).

WOMEN IN SPORT

Our sportswomen need and deserve more attention and encouragement than they get. We do our bit on this page.

INDIAN PADDLERS SUPERB

Shirish Nadkarni

It has been, to some extent, the bane of Indian sport, that we are never consistently good in any sport. We produce individuals who take us to the pinnacle of a particular game in the international arena; but there is none to back up their efforts. When age catches up with them, there is no second string waiting in the wings to take over at a moment's notice. In badminton, we had Nandu Natekar in one era, Prakash Padukone presently; in tennis, it was Ramanathan Krishnan, then briefly, it was Vijay Amritraj; in billiards, it was Wilson Jones at one time. now it is Michael Ferreira and Mike alone.

How is it that other countries can produce crop after crop of world-beaters, so that even champions from those self-same countries have to be constantly on their toes? Take a small country like East Germany at swimming, Indonesia at badminton, the U.S.S.R. at chess or gymnastics — no sooner has one lot decided to call it a day than another set of young world-beaters is ready to take over the mantle, and keep the country's flag flying. Having so much competition is good for the game in the country of the champions too. for it hones the sharp edge of their games.

After almost a decade has India seen two table tennis players of calibre in the shape of Shailaja Salokhe and Indu Puri. After the the fade-out of the speedy hard-hitter Kaity Chargeman, there was a yawning gap that has only just been filled by these two girls. In an earlier commentary in these very columns, we had described their exploits in laying low the all-conquering North Korean girls. They did another marvellous job in the 35th World Table Tennis Championships at Pyongyang, Korea. In six matches in Group 'A' of the 'B' category, the Indian girls enjoyed an unbeaten run. Wins over teams like Malaysia, Australia, Belgium, Spain and Denmark featured their confident march to the inter-group final of the category, where they exceeded expectations by knocking out fancied Finland by a 3-1 margin. With this performance, they succeeded in earning promotion to the prestigious 'A' category for the 36th World Championships, two years hence, and vying for the Corbillon Cup with teams of the calibre of China, North Korea, U.S., Japan et al.

However, what will the position be in 1981? Will it be the same two paddlers representing the nation? The Nationals threw up a couple of exciting youngsters like Geeti Thadani of Delhi and Vyoma Shah of Maharashtra, but they were all at sea against the top two. What they need at this stage is taking in hand, coaching by experts, some international experience to bring their talent to flower. If this is not done, the efforts of Indu and Shailaja will have been wasted; both are not in their first fine youth, and cannot be expected to last much longer. The foundations have been laid; it is up to us now to build for the future.

* * *

India will be represented in international women's chess for the first time when India's only international master, Jayshree Khadilkar, elder sister of reigning national champion Rohini, and a former national champ herself, leaves for Rio de Janeiro, Brazil in September to participate in the World Inter-zonal women's chess championships. It's a pity that Rohini is not qualified to make the trip, for she is currently in devastating form, and would probably have stood a better chance than her elder sister.

* * *

Women's hockey in India seems finally in right earnest about making a mark in the World Women's Cup, scheduled in September in Vancouver and Moscow, subsequently. The woman participating in the All-India invitation tournament in memory of the late Abel David, at Pune, will be on trial with an eye on the Indian team for the world event. Six major states are among the entrants; immediately after the tournament ends, forty-five of the best will be closeted in a solid 45-day camp. Final elimination and selection will take place at the end of the camp. A second, major conditioning camp will be held from 10th July to 15th August to lick the girls into shape. Bravo for the 'maiden' attempt at taking women's hockey seriously.

* * *

Middle distance sprint queen Geeta Zutshi has been chosen as the Sportswoman of the Year by the Chandigarh Sports Journalists Association. In addition to the honour, she has been offered the post of Deputy Director of Sports with the Haryana Government — the right position for one who won a gold and silver at the 8th Asian Games in Bangkok, in December 1978.

* * *

Sports lovers the world over will be thrilled to hear that the darling of the Montreal Olympics, Nadia Comaneci has got over her blues, and is hard on the comeback trail. The ace Romanian gymnast who won maximum marks in seven exercises in the 1976 Olympics, had fallen in love in 1977, taken a strong liking to sweet foods and had put on a massive amount of weight. The 17 year old girl, who had bitterly complained about official intervention in her personal life and being treated like a national possession than an individual, seems to have realised the futility of pursuing her love in an Iron Curtain country. Her two-month-long reconditioning programme resulted in a virtuoso performance at a "Champion-All' international event in London, where she settled the pretensions of 15 year old Russian, Elena Naimushina, an up-and-coming star in the gymnastics firmament.

There is just a hint of sadness in Nadia's comeback.

INTERNATIONAL SPORTSWOMAN OF THE MONTH

The honour this month is undoubtedly Martina Navratilova's. The reigning Wimbledon tennis queen set up a record of sorts by earning more money than the No. 1 earner among the men, Jimmy, Connors of the U.S., on the professional tennis circuit. In a list published by the Association of Tennis Professionals on April 20 this year, the exile from Czechoslovakia who now lives in the U.S., earned $3,04,100, which was

Martina Navratilova

exactly $2,100 more than what Connors has earned — both for the period beginning from 1st January 1979. It just shows how much the purses for the women have improved over the years.

Martina's considerable earnings this season are no doubt due to the lukewarm interest that her arch-rival Chris Evert has been show-

Tracy Austin

ing in the game, in view of her marriage to John Lloyd of Britain. Evert has remained at the $1,40,000 mark, while teenaged Tracy Austin, also of the U.S., has grossed $1,83,250 on that date. Other major earners include Aussies Dianne Fromholtz, and Wendy Turnbull; and Sue Barker of Great Britain — all above the $1,00,000 mark.

THE MESS IN WOMEN'S CRICKET

The malaise that affects all sports in India — uncalled-for interference from officialdom — has spread to women's cricket as well. Twenty-two players of the West and South zones, among them some of the country's representatives, were under a cloud when they were banned from all cricket controlled by the Women's Cricket Association of India. Fortunately, officials and players ultimately came to an understanding, but how much attrition and bad blood was created in the process!

The whole thing started in Jaipur in the first week of September 1978 when the As-

Behroze Edulji bats while sister Diana (vice-captain) looks on

sociation of Women Cricketers (AIWC) informed the cricket-controlling body, WCAI that they proposed playing an exhibition match in Chandigarh on Republic Day '79, in aid of girls who were too poor to buy a sports kit themselves. The signature of the secretary of the WCAI, Mr. Ashutosh Sharma (incidentally, it would not be out of place to ask what a mister is doing in an association of misses!) was obtained on a copy of the letter as a token of his having received the missive.

Since the WCAI did not respond until the day of the match, the players took it for granted that there would be no objection if the cream of the West and South zones went ahead with the match. On the morning of the match, however, the players were amazed to read in the Chandigarh-published daily 'Tribune' that any player participating in the 'unauthorised' match would be banned from playing in any tournament controlled by the WCAI. The press release had been issued by the WCAI secretary.

Since all arrangements for the match had been made well in advance and it was too late to call the fixture off, the women went ahead with the match, from which Rs. 4,000 were collected. A part of this was utilised to purchase playing kit and clothes for Indian Test player Sharmila Chakravarty, who had lost all her baggage on the way to the national training camp, and could ill-afford to do so. The WCAI had offered no compensation at the time to the player.

The immediate action the WCAI took was to inform West and South associations that the girls who had played at Chandigarh were not to be selected for the Rani Jhansi zonal tournament, starting from 25th February. The reason given was their participation in an unscheduled and unauthorised match.

The Bombay and Tamil Nadu women's association contacted the banned players, and asked for their explanations. All the players maintained that since there had been

Behroze is a left arm medium pace bowler and is seen practising at the nets.

no comeback to their letter in September, and since the cause was good, they had gone ahead. This explanation was accepted by the two state associations, and the WCAI was informed by registered post (a letter the secretary claims not to have received at all) that they found the explanations satisfactory.

The feeling that the ban had been lifted seemed to be confirmed when Neeta Telang, Joint-secretary of the Bombay body received a trunk-call from Mr. Sharma of the WCAI mentioning that it was best to let the matter

MIRROR

Breaking the Age Barrier

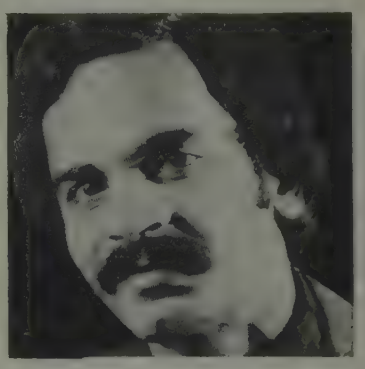
Grandpa—An easy-chair in the sunlit verandah, a flask of coffee and a copy of the Mirror—that is grandpa's idea of relaxation. He is poring over an article on the generation gap

Grandma—Her grandson has finally gone to sleep. So, it is time for a quick look at the Mirror for grandma. She is absorbed in the mystery of the Hope diamond, peering down memory lane at her own struggles to acquire her diamonds.

The daughter-in-law—As a custodian of the health and well-being of her family, the daughter-in-law finds the 'Your health is our concern' column fascinating.

The son—A busy executive relaxes with the Mirror, noting the quotations at the end of the articles for his next Junior Chamber speech

The younger daughter-in-law—She has literary aspirations. Mirror's regular column on "The writing of poetry" has put her on the right track.



The younger son—What does life have in store for him? Will he too achieve greatness like all the men and women he has been reading about in Mirror's 'How they became great' column?

The teenage son—
His favourite hobby is pen pals and Mirror's "Pen Pals" column opens out new worlds to him.

The teenage daughter—
She likes to impress her boy friends with the wealth of general knowledge that she gleans through the Mirror.

The little son—He resents the Mirror. The whole family is immersed in it and finds no time for him. But he does like the Ripley's, 'Believe it or not' page in Mirror.

The little daughter—She can't wait to grow up to join the happy family of Mirror readers.

The Mirror is a complete family magazine —a good, clean, family magazine with no sex, sensationalism, politics, or cinema. There is something for every member of the family in the Mirror. Every issue has 110 pages of well-researched, informative, entertaining articles on a wide spectrum of subjects. The Mirror is a magazine which gives you value for money and is a must for every family.

Incentive

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

CHINTU—NEETU: A STALE ENGAGEMENT

. . . .Chintu-Neetu threw a surprise for each other on Baisakhi Day. They got engaged. A stale romance of some five years, filmdom and the public treated them like married folks. Like any other star who looks out for a dazzling publicity hoarding on the eve of his film's release, Chintu-Neetu exhanged old rings (it being a last minute idea, a little before the premiere of "Joota Kahin Ka" in Delhi, there was no time for new rings). A little after Dimple, Rajendra Kumar's daughter, and Anil Nanda's engagement, Raj Kapoor announced Chintu-Neetu as engaged, after which everybody went on a drinking binge. Chintu for the engagement wore a faded, exhausted look. Neetu looked more faded and exhausted than Chintu, the king size nathni (nose ring) emphasising the dark circles under her eyes. The circles reached up to her nostrils.

Like the previous Nanda marriage this engagement too has inspired a lot of bitchy comments. Rajendra Kumar has received many anonymous letters advising him against this match. The reasons range from the sublime to the ridiculous, e.g. the age difference is too much, the boy wears daisies and pansies printed shirts, etc.

These days, when stars get engaged, married or divorced on the eve of their film release, I say, "Congratulations, hope the film does well." Let's hope "Joota Kahin Ka" makes a silver jubilee.

Talking of divorces, Mithun Chakravorty has burst out of the marriage to Helena Reubena, something like that, and now Nikki, Vijayendra's wife, is almost through with her divorce technicalities. Anyway, she did not even wait to sign the divorce papers; she has already signed two films. A good looking thing, she insists stardom was one of the, rather the only, reason she married Vijayendra, but later he refused her the permission. Very much like Shashi-Manoj. Shashi, Manoj's wife, wanted to be a star, so she married an up and coming actor who went on to become a top star, director, producer, and Shashi only managed a credit of a story idea on the screen.

Of course, all these Nikkis, Tikkis, Mithun marriages and divorces do not make any news. To begin with, many of the people I meet say "Oh, they were married were they?"

Looks like summer fever has hit Sunil Dutt. He has shrunk in size and looks almost like son Sanjay.

WOMEN IN SPORT

rest, in the interests of women's cricket. However, after the West and South teams reached Dehra Dun after exhausting journeys taking up 48 and 60 hours respectively, the ban was re-imposed. The condition for lifting it was a written apology from each of the 'errant' members and an undertaking not to take part in any tournament that did not have the express sanction of the WCAI. The players involved flatly refused to write letters of apology.

Then began the harassment of the West and South. The five-day tournament stretched to over a week, but the fixtures and playing conditions were arbitrarily changed, so that West and South did not have a single game during this period, and were left twiddling their thumbs. However, the WCAI was pushed into a corner when some of the players noticed posters in the bazaar inviting the public to witness Indian women Test players like Shanta Rangaswamy, the Edulji sisters, and others in action for a gate charge and threatened to take the organisers to court for misleading the public. The organisers promptly stopped the match between East and North, and virtually forced a dialogue between the WCAI and representatives of the players' association.

The players refused to come to terms until the ban was unconditionally lifted. After that, a mutual agreement was proposed whereby the players agreed to play only in matches sanctioned by the WCAI, with the proviso that the WCAI would sanction matches held in a good cause. The tournament then went ahead and South beat West in the final by a solitary run in a nail-biting finish.

It appears that the main reason behind the ban, however, was not quite that which was stated by the secretary of the WCAI. For some time now, the players' association has been pressing demands for hygienic living conditions during tournaments, intimation of playing conditions well in advance and good wholesome food. They have been getting none of these three, and the players cannot understand why, because the hosting states get grants from the state governments for the conduct of tournaments, bring out souvenirs and charge gate money, so that altogether they make a fair profit.

The story is not quite over, though the players are no longer under a ban. Some one should examine the affairs of the WCAI with a fine-toothed comb. The association, which was formed in 1973 with another Sharma, Mahendra, as its secretary, has unbelievably enough not yet submitted any accounts for expenditure all these years! This fact was brought out bitterly by a leading Bombay player, who also averred that legal notices had been served on the WCAI by two hotels in the South for non-payment of bills! Someone, somewhere, has been making hay!

S. N.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, editor, **Eve's Weekly** and **Star & Style**, was the chief guest at the inauguration of the Z Club. The Z Club of Bombay, the first of its kind in the country, is sponsored by the Zonta International Club for women executives. The Club was first thought of by Mrs. Tannaz Tarapore, president of the Zonta Club of Bombay 1 and Mrs. Dolat Doongaji, chairman of the Z Club sub-committee. Mrs. Doongaji has started the Club in the Activity High School, of which she is the directress, as her contribution towards the International Year of the Child.

The Club's objectives are, to provide its members with opportunities to serve schools, colleges and the community, to develop leadership qualities and interest in civic and world affairs and an ability to organize and run a club effectively. As their first project, the Charter Members have arranged to adopt the children of a local orphanage, each member taking a child home for one day each month. An exhibition of 'Child Art from Different Countries' was held at the inauguration.

* * *

The General Practitioners' Association (GPA) of Greater Bombay has worked out a Comprehensive Child Care Project as their contribution to the International Year of the Child. The Research Group of the GPA has planned over 100 under-fives Clinics in Bombay. Over 100 family doctors, members of the GPA, have started taking about 50 children below five years old under their care in their own clinics, and will follow their progress till every child reaches his/her fifth birthday. Such clinics have become very popular in many developing countries.

Drs. B. K. Dholakia, Jyoti Parekh, A. N. Shah and G. N. Sheth of the GPA Research Group are the principal organisers, while eminent paediatrician Dr. K. N. Shah is the project co-ordinator. Dr. L. P. Shah, psychiatrist, with his team of social workers from Nagpada Neighbourhood House, has volunteered to render all possible help.

* * *

Beauty Without Cruelty (BWC) is an international charitable trust working for animals which are unnecessarily exploited or killed for the luxury trades of furs, skins and cosmetics. The Movement believes in encouraging the use of humane alternatives.

The India Branch of Beauty Without Cruelty has carried out a Cosmetic Research Project in order to compile a list of beauty-aids and toiletries which are humanely manufactured. The organisation has recently published its All India List of Honour of the Cosmetics and Toilet Preparations which have not brought terror, torture or death to any living creature.

This List of Honour is given free to all those who desire it and can be obtained from B.W.C. (India Branch), 4 Prince of Wales Drive, Wanowrie, Pune 411001. It enables the increasing number of people who are sensitive to animal suffering to use alternatives which are truly cruelty-

1 2

1. Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, editor, 'Eve's Weekly' and 'Star & Style', inaugurated the Z Club of Bombay. Seen with her are, from left, (back row) Tushnamaiti Tarapore, treasurer of the Club, Monisha Mehta, secretary, Dinaz Gimi, president, Kinnari Parekh, vice-president; (front row): Mrs. Tannaz Tarapore, president of the Zonta Club of Bombay I and Mrs. Dolat Doongaji, Chairman of the Z Club Sub-Committee.

2. Nargis Dutt inaugurated an exhibition of embroidered bedspreads and table linen held by Bina Agarwal (at left). In the centre is Mrs. Charles Singh, GM, Pure Drinks Pvt. Ltd.

3. The Syrian Arab Republic Day was celebrated by Mr. Sobhi El-Ejel, the Syrian consul-general and Mrs. El-Ejel. Seen on the occasion are, from left, Mrs. Cursetji, Admiral Cursetji, Mrs. Carriappa, wife of the chairman of the Bombay Port Trust and Mrs. and Mr. El-Ejel.

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free—products made from non-animal substances and which have not been tested by means of experiments on animals.

CALICUT

The Ladies' Study Group organized a seminar on 'Tomorrow's World', the theme being the problems concerning the all-round development of the child in India. The seminar was inaugurated by Mrs. Tara Ali Baig, President, International Union for Child Welfare, and a galaxy of eminent personalities spoke, including Mr. David Horsburgh, Dr. R. Ramanna, Mr. S. R. Das, Dr. Karan Singh and Mrs. Nargis Dutt.

The seminar brought into focus the need for active participation by individuals, associations and governments to bring about better conditions for the welfare of the child.

The Ladies' Study Group's Annual Awards for 1979, consisting of Rs. 11,000 to each woman, were awarded to three women and one institution — Mother Teresa's Shishu Bhavan for abandoned children. The recipients were: Mrs Joan Evans for Social Work, Mrs. Nirmala Kundu for creative work (**kantha** embroidery), and Miss Madhumita Goswami for sports.

* * *

All India Radio, Calcutta, organised a children's festival in which 500 children took part. While most of the programme was interestingly varied, special mention must be made of the tableau by the Deaf & Dumb School, the musical programme of the Lighthouse for the Blind Children, the exuberant 'Come as you like' fancy dress show by mentally retarded children, and the patriotic songs sung by the children of Paribavika School.

BANGALORE

The Silver Jubilee celebrations of the Child Study Association were presided over by Mr. K.H. Srinivas, Minister for Information and Youth Services, Government of Karnataka. Mrs. Lalitha Krishnaswami presented a history of the Association, which was followed by a report of the current activities by secretary Pratibha Chandrasekhar. The Association runs a village school and a city creche, apart from arranging discussions and parent-teacher gatherings. Miss C. Sharada, Chairman, Social Welfare Advisory Board, released the souvenir, while Mrs. Beth Kennedy from California, who is the founder of the Child Study Association, presented mementoes to past presidents.

CALCUTTA

The Calicut Jayceerettes organised a children's health camp yesterday at the local Fisheries Upper Primary School. The camp is to be run for three months. Children of the locality, belonging mostly to fishermen's families, will be medically examined by the doctor members of the Club, and necessary medicines will be distributed free.

The District Collector Mr. K. M. Balakrishnan, who inaugurated the Camp, appealed to all social welfare women's organisations to see that children are given all care during this year, to lay the foundation of a healthy society.

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4. Mother Teresa hands over The Ladies' Study Group's Award for 1979 to Miss Madhumita Goswami for her contribution to sports at a function held in Calcutta.

5. Rotary Annette Kaveri Bhat gives a bouquet to Mrs. Chandra Govind Narain, wife of Karnataka's Governor, who inaugurated a playground equipped by the Inner Wheel Club of Jayanagar for the Association for the Mentally Handicapped in Bangalore. Looking on are Bhargavi Satyam, president and Susheela Girimaji, secretary of the Club.

6. Mrs. Sheila Malkani gives the flag off to the motorcade organised by Amol Bose Advertising, which went around Delhi marking the launch of Avis Jeans.

7

7. Members of the Rama Ladies' Club seen at the Club's inauguration at Welcomhotel Rama International, Aurangabad.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

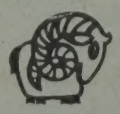
FOR THE WEEK MAY 20 — 26, 1979

John Naylor

IF YOUR BIRTHDAY'S THIS WEEK:

The influence of both Venus and Mars are strong in your chart on your birthday and point to a romantic and exhilarating period ahead. You will find yourself 'in tune' with people, generally, and you will also be inclined to take a chance more than is usual with you. This policy will pay off for most of the year — but avoid being impulsive in the last three months of 1979. You are usually shrewd at weighing up people and factors, but your judgment may be awry at this time. A family problem should sort itself out over the next few months — could tie in with a move.

ARIES
(Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)



Definitely a time to be sociable. It is in casual conversation or at informal business meetings that useful information will come to light. Your stars favour travel, movement and change, so try to avoid too much routine work.

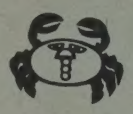
TAURUS
(Apr. 21 — May 21)

Mars is in your sign and gives the impression that life will be pacy for a few weeks. However, it will also bring a period of minor opportunities. You will have extra energy and confidence to aid you; your sex-appeal will be high.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

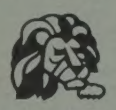
New people who enter your scene will be lucky to you, some of them over quite a long period. Journeys, meeting and interviews will go well this week and it is a time for buzzing around and impressing your personality on others.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)



You may be a little confused in your personal life. If so, don't brood — it is just a passing phase. A run of luck is on the way. In the near future minor changes will occur, new people enter your life. This week favours confidential issues.

LEO
(July 24 — Aug. 23)



Jupiter, that benefic planet, is in your sign for several months. You will look and feel your best and can make a success of anything you put your mind to. You will have a 'Midas touch'. Your love life will be more exciting soon, perhaps from a meeting this week.

VIRGO
(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

Let your hair down and have fun, but give time and thought to your ambitions. Some Virgo folk might not be able to see the wood for the trees at present, but this situation will resolve itself. There are worthwhile opportunities on the way.

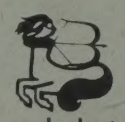
LIBRA
(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

Difficulties in your personal life should now be over and if you've held out the olive branch recently, you won't regret this. Don't hang on to grievances, but take a positive view of life and people. There may be good news from afar — also some financial rewards.

SCORPIO
(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

You will be feeling slightly aggressive but take care not to be impulsive. An edgy atmosphere can't be helped, but try to keep relationships running smoothly. An ardent attachment, however, may bring complications, rather than bliss!

SAGITTARIUS
(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)



Nothing much to upset you this week but planets beginning to move into opposition to your sign will soon put the luck and the advantage with others, up to August. The New Moon of the 26th starts a busy period for you, so get organized.

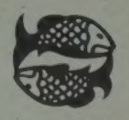
CAPRICORN
(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

Keep in the swim, socially, especially if unattached. It is a splendid week for new meetings, with the last two days highlighted. You can count on the next few weeks being lively and romantic — rather fortunate for money too.

AQUARIUS
(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

A week nicely balanced between work and play, with a strong and rather fortunate accent on family affairs. A new influence beginning at the end of this week brings a happy trend in both friendships and romance. Relatives will tend to be lucky to you just now.

PISCES
(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)



You will get a helping hand for a special plan — probably from a young married relative. Travel, fresh scenes and friendships are under lucky stars and it is important to get around and make new contacts. Don't pass up an opportunity because it takes you into new areas of activity; consider it carefully.

* When you argue with fools, you increase their number.
* If you're way behind in your work, it indicates an over-use of your behind.
* Stay on the level if you want to rise to the heights.
* There's only one time anybody truly listens — when money talks.
* A bird in the hand is bad table manners.
* A neighbour is one who wonders when the damn party will end.
* The most common golf terms are unprintable.
* Most people don't learn how to play the harp, because most people don't expect to get to heaven.
* An honest man is someone who does business with someone too smart to be fooled.
* Home is where you can scratch any place you itch.
* A conceited husband is one who suspects nothing.
* To say the least — is not a woman's way of doing it.
* Sometimes, marriage is not a word, it's a sentence.
* Many a Sabbath is a day of arrest.
* People with too much polish are too damn dull.
* There's only one one way to beat the cost of living. Stop living.

Compiled by : **G. T. F.**

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